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SIGNS FOR A NATIONAL THEATRE (British Drama League Competition).
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Agriculture and the Election

IT is reasonable to believe that the majority of men in all parties would greatly regret it if the result of the General Election were to end in the dropping of the scheme formulated for the purpose of helping agriculture over the very formidable stile that it has to cross. In order to avoid a great misadventure, Lord Bledisloe has suggested that representatives of the three political parties in the State should meet for the purpose of entering on an agreement to deal with agriculture. The industry has been very severely tried since the war. The Government began by giving a guarantee of prices for cereals. This promise was rescinded, whether with good reason or for no good reason it would be useless to discuss to-day. There can, however, be no misunderstanding in regard to the facts of the case. The farmers were encouraged to make all the necessary arrangements for a big ploughing policy by the promise that prices of their produce would be guaranteed. They cannot be blamed for having taken the governing statesmen of the day at their word, and, on the other hand, it must be admitted that the circumstances made it practically impossible to fulfil the promise. That, however, is no valid reason why the farmers should have suffered as they did. Prices came down, land came down in value, and the result was that such prosperity as the farmers had enjoyed during the war was washed out of existence, and a great number of them began to find the balance on the wrong side of the account. Their protest against this was dumb, but effectual; they began laying the arable down to pasture, and put their trust in hoof and horn instead of corn. Every year after the breaking of the treaty saw a further contraction of the ploughed area. That this was bad for the country no one attempted to deny; it made us more dependent than ever on sea-borne supplies of food. It diminished the amount of labour on the land and swelled the crowds of unemployed in the cities. Those engaged in the largest industry of the country were, without exception, downcast and nearly hopeless.

It was evident that something must be done, and the appointment of the Linlithgow Commission to investigate the possibilities of setting agriculture on its feet again was endorsed both in Parliament and in the country. Investigation showed that something was urgently required, and there was also made evident a general opinion that imported food should be exempted from any duties. The only alternative was some such scheme as that which was ultimately agreed upon, that is to say, giving a subsidy of a pound an acre on all land kept in arable cultivation. Now, it would be out of place to discuss at this moment whether or not there was a better plan. The point is that a promise was made to the farmers, and it soon became evident that they were prepared to put their backs into the work if they received this encouragement. In fact, to that moment can be traced the beginning of a new desire for land. It was felt by the farmers that with this help they could tide over the present difficulties and perhaps lay the foundation for a greater agricultural prosperity in the future. It cannot be denied, however, that the point led to a great deal of contention during the course of the election. Opponents of the Party in power alleged that the scheme was in the nature of a bribe to farmers, and this was repeated on many platforms, though we do not believe that the public endorsed the accusation.

It remains, then, to get this agreement, for it was an agreement, endorsed by responsible representatives of each of the three Parties. Lord Bledisloe informs us that the only Party likely to have been hostile to it is really in its favour. Mr. Macdonald has agreed to the proposal that there should be a conference of Conservative, Liberal and Labour representatives invested with an authority to come to an agreement on behalf of the three Parties in the State. There are many reasons that this should be carried out; in the first place, it is essential that the agricultural policy of the country should be stable and continuous. In other departments it is by usage and tradition that the commitments made by a Party going out of office should be honoured by those who are coming in. It seems to us that that is essential to the stability of the country. It is the same with an industry as with a foreign Power, a bargain struck by the authorised representatives of the Government at the time should be valid for a reasonable and lawful period. It is the more necessary to insist upon this, because the Parties are so evenly balanced that Government would be rendered impossible were any other conditions to prevail.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Helena Gibbs, who is the younger daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge, and whose marriage to Lieut.-Colonel John Evelyn Gibbs, M.C., Coldstream Guards, took place in 1919.

*** *It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens and livestock on behalf of* COUNTRY LIFE *be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.*



COUNTRY NOTES

MR. STANLEY BALDWIN has proved himself a knight valiant to the point of Quixotry, and, in a fighting man, Quixotry is not altogether a mortal offence; but a Prime Minister, one, too, who was leading the country through a very critical period, might have been expected to avoid so great a risk. Of course, it is easy to be wise after the event, but it would have led to less dislocation if, instead of challenging his opponents to a deadly encounter, he had operated the Safeguarding of Industries Act in a manner to protect trade against unfair competition, and carried on for the four or five years of tranquil government which the country expected and so greatly needs. After a period of natural hesitation he has hit upon the right and proper course of meeting Parliament again as Prime Minister. His justification for that may be established by simple arithmetic, it being accepted as fact that for the present all the Parties are opposed to coalition. The Conservatives remain the strongest single party in the House. Measured in terms of insecurity the Conservatives would be in a minority of one hundred if all the other Members voted against them. Suppose that Labour, the next largest party, were to take office, they would be in a minority of two hundred and twenty-six against all the Parties in the House. Were the Liberals to take office, they would be in a minority of three hundred against all the Parties in the House. They would, therefore, be the most insecure; Labour would be less insecure, and the Conservatives less still. It is, at the best, a paralysing position, because in a Parliament so composed no Party would take a strong line without incurring the danger of a combination too strong for it.

IN spite of the manifest difficulties in its way, the Smithfield Show has achieved a far greater success than seemed at one time possible. The restrictions made in regard to foot-and-mouth disease have not affected the large number of notable animals that one expected to see. Except that a proportion of promising heifers have been kept back, the exhibition of fat stock has not suffered materially. The struggle for the championship, for example, would probably have resulted in the same way under normal conditions. Sir Richard Cooper's cross-bred heifer Lily has retained the place that she took at Norwich. Her runner-up was the beautiful Aberdeen-Angus heifer bred and reared by Major J. A. Morrison, Queen 3rd of Basildon, champion of her breed at the Cambridge Royal Show last year. Lily deserved her victory, but there was not much to choose between the two. A feature of the Show was the brilliant success of the King's Windsor herd. His wins included two firsts and the breed cup for Devon cattle, first and the breed cup for a Hereford heifer, and a second for a shorthorn heifer; these were all from Windsor. The Sandringham exhibits took two second prizes for red polls, three first, two third prizes and the breed cup for Highland cattle (these Highland cattle, it may be remarked, were by far the most picturesque animals in the Show), two first prizes for Southdown sheep, and two prizes for Berkshire pigs. The Prince of Wales showed his young shorthorn heifer from the Home Farm on the Duchy, and she took first prize in her class. Mr. S. F. Edge once more proved the efficacy of his open-air system of pig-keeping by winning the championship with a pen of Middle Whites against very powerful competition.

AS the hours of daylight decline and the winter nights grow longer, so the death list increases. It includes, this week, at least two men of considerable distinction. There was Sir Thomas Devitt, Bt., for example, who is best known, perhaps, for his enterprise in purchasing an estate at Pangbourne during the war and establishing there a college for training officers for the mercantile marine and, incidentally, supplying the Navy with cadets. It was a bold and successful scheme. The beautiful and well wooded grounds and their contiguity to the river make the place a kind of paradise for the students, and Pangbourne College is now, after a beginning of struggle, full to overflowing. During the long period in which Sir Thomas was an invalid, the management was most efficiently carried out by his son. The firm of Devitt and Moore used to be notable for their fine fleet of sailing vessels, the names of the most famous, such as the Parramatta, Illawarra and Macquarie, are commemorated in the college. The week's obituary includes that of a very distinguished surgeon in the person of Sir Frederick Treves. Sir Frederick is best remembered, perhaps, by the skill and boldness with which he performed the operation on King Edward VII. He was also an antiquarian and a good writer, the most popular of his books being his "Highways and Byways in Dorset." Sir Frederick was born at Dorchester of an old Dorset yeoman stock and he was elected first president of the Society of Dorset Men, his successor being Thomas Hardy. Overwork during the war affected his heart and strained his constitution.

FROM A COTSWOLD GARDEN.

The vagrant breezes blow,
The shimmering waters flow,
Girdling with silver streams
A garden thronged with dreams.

Grey-walled with Cotswold stone,
And drowsy with the drone
Of bees. Smooth melodies
Stir in the willow trees.

And swiftly, now and then
A rapturous willow-wren
Tells o'er his tinkling beads
Among the river reeds.

And I, bereft, alone,
Tell over one by one
Devoutly, all day through,
Each shining thought of you.

Till every loveliness
Holds sudden vague distress:
And empty all the day
With you so far away.

BRYCE MCMASTER.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* has sent to that journal a most fascinating account of the coaching days of the late Mr. E. W. Williamson. His first experience occurred when he was a very young child. His father put him on the Portsmouth coach with a label tied round his neck like a parcel, and gave him in charge of the coachman Before he was ten years old he had gone by coach to Yorkshire at least half a dozen times, starting either at the Black Bull in Holborn or the White Horse in Fetter Lane. The coach would start about 2 p.m. and arrive in York at about noon the next day, going at a pace of about eight miles an hour. Until his death Mr. Williamson greatly preferred the old coach to the new motor, and he loved the drivers whom he described as "spare, square-shouldered

fellows, with clean-cut features, well seasoned by sun, wind, rain and snow, neat in their dress, and of quiet and dignified demeanour."

MATCHES at any game between men and women are usually a little disappointing, in that the women do not appear to do themselves justice. The superior strength and speed of the men prevent them from showing their full skill. Even at golf, a game in which the play of one side does not directly affect that of the other, this happens to a great extent; the ladies' team traditionally fails in the annual battle of Stoke Poges. The phenomenon is, of course, more marked in games of direct attack, and probably in none more so than in squash rackets. It is one of the drawbacks of this capital game that it is difficult for two players of different classes to have a really good match. The rallies may be long and interesting, but he who can give any considerable number of points nearly always wins them in the end. At Queen's Club last Saturday the men tried to give the ladies the very long odds of ten points and two hands. The match was halved, so that the handicap may be termed a good one, but it is doubtful whether any real clue was gained to the relative skill of the two sexes. The two champions, Miss Nancy Cave and Captain Jameson, had a hard fight, and Captain Jameson, after winning the first game and deeming it prudent to let the second one go, had to travel at his best pace to win the third and the match. Miss Joyce Cave won a fine victory over Mr. le Gros, the score in the deciding game being 16—14 in her favour, so that she certainly rose to the occasion when the pinch came.

THE death of Miss Meggie Albanesi at so pitifully early an age is, actually, a great loss to the stage and, potentially, a still greater one. In her short career she had shown herself an artist of real genius, and it is difficult to set limits to what she might have accomplished. Nobody who saw the last scene in "A Bill of Divorcement" is ever likely to forget the passion and the heartbreak of it. Miss Albanesi had no great "presence" to help her; there was, superficially, nothing very commanding about her, but the force that emanated from that slight little body was, on occasions, tremendous. Moreover, she was equally at home in those parts in which she had little to do but be charming, and was well worth the watching even in comparatively futile plays. She was a versatile actress and took pains to be so by neglecting no opportunity of gaining experience. One felt certain that she could never lapse, as so many actors and actresses have to do, into playing nothing but one type of part supposed to suit her. Even after so short a day's work she has left her mark. Had she lived, she must almost certainly have been one of the great actresses in the records of the English stage.

THE Revised Rules of Bridge, which will come into force on January 1st, are published now. The changes, while not very drastic, are wise. The most important is the definition of a "pass" as a call, and the provision of rules for a "no" call out of turn. These are: assuming Z has dealt and A says "no" before Z has spoken, Y, on A's left, may either demand a new deal, or make a declaration himself, or refer the matter to his partner Z, the dealer. Z, however, cannot make a bid, but only decide whether the deal shall stand. Y makes the next bid. The Revoke penalty is reduced from 150 to 100; but if the declarer revokes, he is, in addition, debarred from scoring below the line. When the adversaries revoke, the declarer may appropriate three of their tricks. A penalty of 50 above the line for looking at a turned and quitted trick is another penalty. In cutting, equal cards follow their suit values. A new clause is added to the penalty for an under call, and, among other minor alterations and classifications, illegal bids are clearly defined.

THE question of a National Theatre is always a vexed one. But the scheme that we publish on behalf of the British Drama League, for the designs and model of a National Theatre, to be shown at the British Empire Exhibition, can admit of no two opinions. It is a superb opportunity for British architects to try their strength on a great and unusual theme. The requirements are by no means easy to satisfy—two theatres in one building, rehearsal rooms, offices, foyers, so arranged as not to interfere with one another. But the competition will bring the country nearer to the acquisition of a National Theatre by materialising a building and by giving architects the benefit not only of having to work out their own ideas, but of the interchange of others' solutions. The great modern theatres of to-day are practically confined to Germany, where Reinhardt's tremendous Berlin theatre has cut clean away from the rococo gingerbread encrustation, both of ornament and of ideas, that disgraces our old buildings. This is an opportunity not only for a great theatre, but for a great building—a building not afraid of grandeur nor yet of simplicity.

MR. WILFRED BUCKLEY has made an important contribution to the vexed question of the percentage of butter fat in cows' milk. The Board of Agriculture regulation requiring a minimum of 3 per cent. has given rise to many prosecutions and much perturbation among farmers, who allege that, whatever precautions may be taken, cows exhibit a marked degree of variability in the production of butter fat at each milking. In the morning, so the farmers say, a cow may give only 2 per cent., while in the afternoon the percentage may be 4, 5 or even 6. Why this should be, no one has been able to discover. It does not appear to depend on food or temperature, although, of course, much depends on the period of lactation. Mr. Buckley has made exhaustive investigations, the results of which are embodied in a privately printed paper just issued. These emphatically confirm the variability of cows in the production of butter fat. Needless to say, Mr. Buckley is strongly opposed to any change in the regulations which would relax the precautions against the sale of adulterated milk.

THE DOMINIE AND THE TRUANT.

Methought th' incarnate spirit of Spring
  Came dancing over the Down,
With careless grace and a joyous swing
That bore her light as a bird on the wing,
  With wind in her floating gown.

The corn-gold aura of silken hair
  Swept back like a breeze-blown veil.
The blue-grey eyes and the cheeks so fair,
The buoyant poise, so debonair,
  All told their youthful tale.

Her feet scarce pressed the flower-starred grass;
  Her arms flung wide and free:
Bewitched, I stayed to see her pass,
And quite forgot the waiting class
  That vainly stayed for me!

A. JOY BUNTING.

THE conclusions arrived at by Mr. Buckley are set out in three divisions: the first contains six points, five of which are concerned with the causes of variation of butter fat in milk, and the sixth is a suggestion that the percentage of butter fat should never be calculated for recording purposes on the basis of the analyses of the milk made during a period so short as twenty-four hours. The second is that the percentage of butter fat in the mixed milk of a herd of shorthorn cows may be less than 3 per cent. in the morning, but in all probability not less than 3 per cent. in the evening; and that it will exceed 3 per cent. over a period of twenty-four hours. The third conclusion is that it is not possible to classify milk on the basis of butter fat contained as now required by the Scottish Board of Health in regard to Certified Milk. It will be understood that in this short note is epitomised the substance of nearly twenty pages of closely printed matter, and that, therefore, it has been impossible to give anything like full details.

HAMILTON was, and is, justly famed as a painter of plump and gambolling children. His "Four Seasons" are a favourite series of prints. To-day's supplement is less known but of equal charm.

THE HUNTING TAPESTRIES OF LOUIS XV

By W. G. Thomson.

LAST week the earlier hunting tapestries shown at the Louvre Exhibition of La Vénerie Française were considered in these pages chiefly as illustrating sport. To-day we may examine this great set, shown at the same time, rather as works of art.

The four great original sets of hunting tapestries in the world are: the Hunting of the Unicorn, consisting of six gold-wrought panels of the fifteenth century, which, after hanging for about three and a half centuries in the Château de Verteuil, France, have recently passed into America; the Hardwick Hall Hunting Series, now at Chatsworth, the property of the Duke of Devonshire; the Hunts of the Emperor Maximilian, in the National Collection of France; and the Hunts of Louis XV, of which there are two sets, woven at the same time, one being in the National Museum, Florence, the other in the French National Collection.

As the hunting exploits of the Emperor Maximilian I were immortalised in the cartoons of Bernard Van Orley, carried out in the finest gold-woven tapestries by the best weavers of Brussels, so the great achievements in the life of Louis XIV of France were commemorated by the genius of Lebrun and the skilful *tapissiers* at the Gobelins in the splendid hangings of the History of the King. Glittering with gold and silver among brilliant silks, these show with historical accuracy his victories and conquests, his political alliances and treaties, his patronage of the fine arts and his marriage. In the earlier part of the reign of his successor great national events were neither so numerous nor of such importance, and grand historical compositions in tapestry had fallen into disfavour. A lighter and more playful spirit animated the arts, and in tapestry it reached its highest manifestation in the compositions of François Boucher.

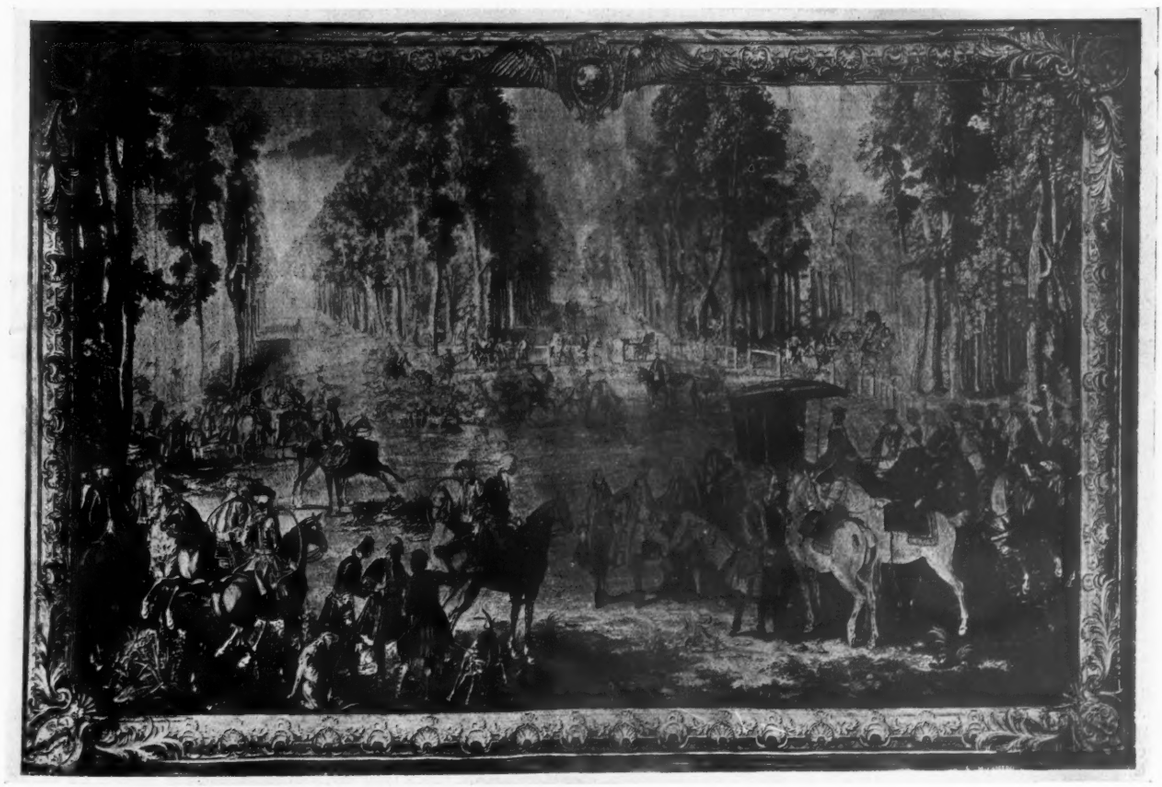
Louis XV chose the subject of the chase for his commemorative tapestries, and the artist commissioned to provide the cartoons was Jean Baptiste Oudry (1686-1753). Early in his career he broke away from the grand style of Lebrun and turned his attention to hunting and pastoral subjects. Some of these were painted for the Duc d'Antin, Administrator of the Gobelins, and several were woven for the King; but the work of Oudry beyond compare was his cartoons for "Les Chasses de Louis XV." His qualifications for this task were remarkable. He was Court Painter and had been director of the tapestry manufactory at Beauvais from 1726 to 1733. The following year he was appointed Inspector of the Gobelins and was in a position to supervise the translation of his cartoons of the Hunts of Louis XV into tapestry. The cartoons were painted from 1733 to 1738.

The series of tapestries begins with "The Rendezvous" at the cross-roads of the Puys de Roi, in the Forêt de Compiègne. In the foreground, towards the middle of the composition, stands the King, who is being assisted into his riding boots by three officers of his household—two support his arms while a third offers the royal boot with due ceremony. Behind is the royal carriage with six horses, and a row of lackeys in attendance. In front are the two white hunting horses of the King. The noble equestrian figure of "Le grand Veneur," M. le Comte de Toulouse, natural son of Louis XIV, gracefully salutes the King with bared head. Close by sits his mounted huntsman with horn, and, to the left, a group of men is stationed with *limiers* or liam hounds, that is, dogs on leash. To the left are huntsmen and a noble company. The middle distance is occupied by packs of hounds with their *valets de chiens*, kennelmen or keepers and huntsmen, while round about are noblemen and others in hunting garb, with ladies of the splendid court of Louis the Well-beloved. Some of these are in carriages. In the distance are shown three great avenues of the forest.

In the story of the hunt it is possible that a smaller tapestry may really be regarded as the first of the series. It represents the hounds and their attendants going to the meet or rendezvous in a long procession, moving swiftly along, with two mounted men in the rear. In the distance is some high court, lady's carriage, with four horses and horsemen at the gallop towards the rendezvous.

With the third tapestry, known as "Le limier," the hunt proper begins, namely, what is known as the "harbouring" of the stag. He was tracked with a hound in leash, his hoof-prints were noted, the branches he had rubbed with his horns examined and knowledge of his size and age obtained. These were reported to the Master of the Hunt. The upright composition of the panel shows part of the cross-roads of the forest at Les Puits Solitaires, with the King in the foreground holding a hound in leash and walking towards the right. He is in conversation with a huntsman on the left, probably in connection with the harbourer's report. This tapestry gives a view of the avenues in the forest, with members of the hunt in readiness.

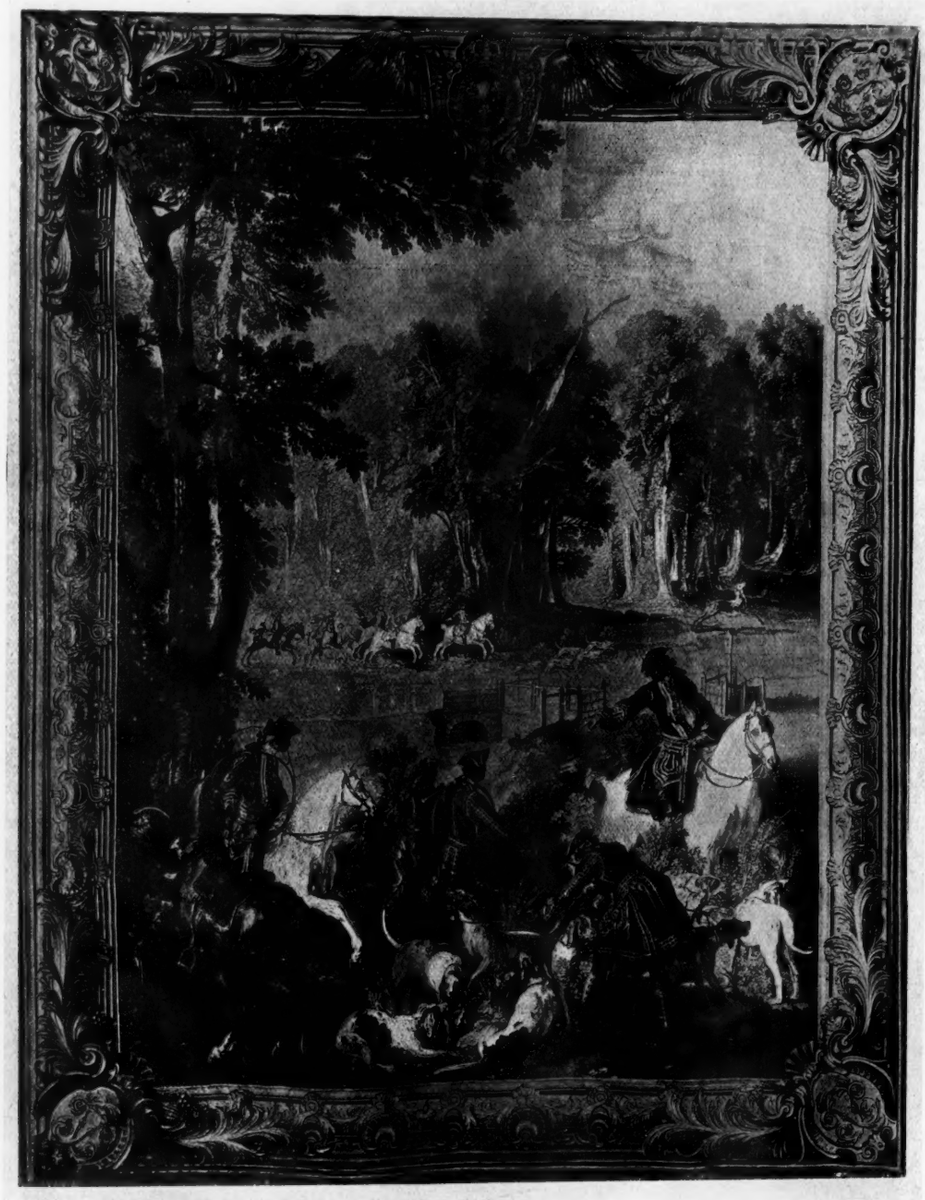
The stag having been located, the *limiers* are unleashed to rouse him, the running dogs (*chiens courants*) take up the chase. The stag has made for the rocky and mountainous ground of Tranchart, which affords a magnificent subject for the fourth tapestry. Here he holds the hounds at bay with lowered horns, standing on a shelf of rock. From a rocky gorge on the right the hounds pour down in full cry upon the stag—a picture of



"THE RENDEZVOUS."

defiance. In the foreground is the King on his white horse, followed by members of the hunt. The fearless way in which huntsmen gallop at the fastest speed among sharp edged rocks and crags is marvellous. There does not seem to be much jumping in the forest, but the great trees and low branches must have been constant sources of difficulties at the mad gallop apparent in these tapestries. In this panel of "The Rocks of Tranchart," there is a peculiar incident in the lower corner of the composition. It is a portrait of the artist seated on a stool sketching the scene. There is no doubt that these tapestries were designed from the actual "moving pictures," which explains their extraordinary vivacity and absence of uncertainty in any phase of the hunt. It explains also what has been called the most happy inter-dependence between the figures and the landscape and, perhaps, the great vigour of the colouring. The spare dogs, fresh *valets de chiens* and huntsmen, one of whom is unleashing the hounds. Another is receiving instructions from a huntsman of rank, and soon the relay of fresh hounds is ready to run the stag down. Relays of hounds, we are told, were often placed along the probable route of the stag and let loose at the moment of his passing. By that time the strain must have begun to tell upon him, but of it no sign shows.

The sixth tapestry represents, perhaps, the most thrilling episode in the series, of which it is also the largest. The stag has plunged into the Oise, crossed it, and, now refreshed, is bounding off on the other side, followed by mounted huntsmen and others on foot. Boats on the river are carrying over men and dogs in haste. In the foreground on the river bank are the King and his suite, with a huntsman sounding his horn. Others



"THE RELAY."

incident of Oudry's portrait being included in the tapestry may have been suggested by a precedent in the sixteenth century. When Charles V of Spain set out for the conquest of Tunis he was accompanied in the campaign by an artist, Jan Vermeyen, to make cartoons for its commemoration in tapestry. In the first tapestry of the series, now in Madrid, there is a full-length figure of Vermeyen. In the case of Oudry, some of the huntsmen are interested spectators of his work.

In the next tapestry, entitled "The Relay," the stag, having escaped from among the rocks at Tranchart, bounds away through the forest and is seen in the middle distance followed by the hounds and huntsmen, among whom is King Louis. The course is by a lake or stream in front of a clump of trees. The principal subject is in the foreground and consists of a group of urge the dogs to enter the water. This tapestry is distinguished by a magnificent view of Compiègne, from which it receives its title, "La Vue de Compiègne."

The last scene in the life history of the gallant stag forms the subject of the seventh tapestry. It represents him being pulled down by the hounds in one of the pools of St. Jean, Compiègne. Boats are being rowed out to end his struggles, with the due ceremonials that accompany the *mort*. Hunting the stag, the sport of Kings, was from ancient times invested with prescribed ceremonies and usages in accordance with the laws of the forest, and even in comparatively late times every gentleman of standing was expected to have a knowledge of the usages and rites of hunting. From the middle distance in the tapestry comes a procession of mounted men following the eager hounds which are



THE STAG HOLDING THE HOUNDS AT THE ROCKS OF TRANCHART.



THE DEATH OF THE STAG.

plunging into the pool. The King appears in the foreground with members of the hunt among whom is a huntsman sounding his horn.

La curée, or the quarry, the great ceremony after the death of the stag, has been treated with due importance by Oudry. The forester having received his fee, the stag was skinned, the viscera removed and the body dismembered. The internal organs and other parts were put aside and sometimes mixed with bread, the skin placed on the ground and upon it were set out the offal and bread. The stag's head was shown to the hounds. The huntsmen ranged the hounds round the skin. At a given signal the hounds fell upon their reward and devoured it while the huntsmen shouted the "Hallali"—a word which suggests Eastern origin, perhaps a corruption of *La-ilah-ill-Allah*. *La curée* appears to have been derived from huntsman's horn on the right. The call is, "La Forhu," a corollary of the *curée*. Under trees on the left are two hunts men on horseback and one on foot. The latter raises a lon pole on the end of which is a fork, from which depend part of the stag. Round him is a pack of yapping and leapin dogs. In the foreground, on the right, stand two huntsme with horns raised winding "La Forhu." As the wooden for goes up, the huntsmen raise a shout and call out "Taiaul," which some authorities suppose to be the origin of o word "Tally-ho." With this ends our hunting day wi Louis XV.

The tapestries of the hunts of Louis XV are framed very fine borders, simulating wood carved and gilt, which a characteristic of tapestries of the eighteenth century. In t middle of the border at the top are the Royal Arms of Louis X



"LA FORHU."

cuir and the practice of serving the repast on the hide. In the tapestry the *curée* takes place on the border of the forest. On the left is a mass of dogs gobbling up the feast on the skin, to the winding of horns. To the left are two mounted huntsmen, one cracking his whip, while, in front, the stag's head is displayed. Near it are two men, one holding a *limier*, the other whipping the dogs. These leash-dogs sometimes did not partake of the quarry, but received their reward at home. Chief of the on-lookers to the right is King Louis, with his officers of the hunt. In the distance is a magnificent view of the churches of Compiègne, the Oise and the hills beyond.

The last scene is set in most beautiful surroundings. In the distance is a building almost hidden by trees, then a bank with hounds running through water at the call of a mounted of France crowned and encircled by the Royal Orders St. Michael and the Holy Spirit, while in the corners are ciphe of Louis. They are practically the same as the borders used f the tapestries woven to commemorate the arrival of the Turkis Ambassador to France. M. Maurice Fenaille gives a complet account of the weaving of the tapestries of the hunts of Louis XV Only two complete sets were woven.

The set we describe bears in the selvedge the nam of Mommerque, contractor to the Gobelins (1730–60). I was ordered for the decoration of the Château de Compiègn and eight panels were delivered by him at the Château i 1748, the last piece being finished and sent there in the yea following. The series was distributed some years ago i the Châteaux de Ramboulet, Compiègne, and Fontainbleau.

the Garde Mobilier and the Museum of the Gobelins. Several of the set bear the name of Oudry, woven, perhaps, on a stone or on the hoof of a horse, with the date of the completion of the cartoon; but in the example showing his portrait there appears, "Peint par J. B. Oudry, 1738." A contemporary set was woven by Audran the Elder, a most famous contractor, who worked from 1733 to 1771. It was in all respects like those by Mommerque, but of better weaving. In some of the panels Audran cut out the King's head and re-wove it; he wove the head and inserted it in one panel of Mommerque's set. When his series was finished the finances of the Gobelins were in an unsatisfactory condition, the set was sold to the Infante Don Philippe of Spain, and so became for ever lost to France. The repairers at the Gobelins undid the weaving of the Royal Arms of France in the borders and substituted those of Don Philippe, and the ciphers of Louis XV were replaced by Don Philippe's monogram. The set is now in the National Museum, Florence.

"DREAMING JOHN" AND HIS CRITICS*

MR. JOHN DRINKWATER has reached a critical point in his career. After the public had taken him to its broad bosom and discovered that he is the genius of his age, enter certain critics who follow the dreadful profession of reviewing, not only books, but fame and worth, and claim to hold the keys of immortality. Before them has arrived the happy, because unconscious, author. He carries in one hand his collected verse in two volumes, in the other a half-crown manual called "Victorian Poetry." With two such passports, he is not exactly in the same position as the ten foolish virgins with their doleful prayer:

> Late, late, so late, and dark the night and chill
> O let us in, for we can enter still.

But they meet with an equally definite naysay from these sooty angels the reviewers. It is whispered in heaven: it is muttered in hell that, to quote the *ipsissima verba* of the indictment, he has been "civil to Tennyson." Down with him to the bottomless pit! cry these keepers of the gate. That is only one count of the indictment. The other coincides with that of a certain aged peer who, defending himself for refusing money to a spendthrift relation who wrote verses, concluded his jeremiad with the remark, "and, besides, I don't like your poetry." Such also is the fate of "Dreaming John."

Now, anyone desirous of reconsidering a reputation that has been incontinently damned will do well to secure good standing for at least one foot. It is, that although the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges, that is to say, that although fashions change and time passes and even poetry grows old and shows its infirmities, there is at least one figure of adamant that altereth not nor changeth, and it is that of the indolent, irresponsible reviewer. When not "out for an airing," but for his own implacable purpose, he is not above such artifices as quoting the worst and ignoring the best. Suppose it true that "Dreaming John" perpetrated more than one set of bad verses in his youth, that here he stumbles, there he falls, who dare condemn him for it when, before advancing very far, he produces such a poem as "Venus in Arden"? Nay, a bucketful of youthful slops may be forgiven for verses so impassioned and gracious as these:

> Now Love, her mantle thrown,
> Goes naked by,
> Threading the woods alone,
> Her royal eye
> Happy because the primroses again
> Break on the winter continence of men.
>
> I saw her pass to-day
> In Warwickshire,
> With the old imperial way,
> The old desire,
> Fresh as among those other flowers they went
> More beautiful for Adon's discontent.
>
> Those other years she made
> Her festival
> When the blue eggs were laid
> And lambs were tall,
> By the Athenian rivers while the reeds
> Made love melodious for the Ganymedes.
>
> And now through Cantlow brakes,
> By Wilmcote hill,
> To Avon-side, she makes
> Her garlands still,
> And I who watch her flashing limbs am one
> With youth whose days three thousand years are done.

When the indolent reviewer turneth away from his wickedness and seeketh that which is lovely and fair, he will no longer hold it incredible that there is a greater joy than snarling. Perhaps, he may even discover that his notorious blindness to promise and his inability to gauge the value of any new thing which cannot be weighed or measured by the instruments handed him by his predecessors, may teach him what a priceless possession is an open mind.

And now as to the criminality of being civil to Tennyson: what freak of a Georgian invented it? Is not a man known by his friends? Has anyone ever had so many and so diverse? Edward Fitzgerald, Thomas Carlyle, Robert Browning, Benjamin Jowett, Huxley, Tyndall and Darwin: were they only so many types of bewitched damsels adoring Bottom the Weaver? Mr. Drinkwater's offence is that, on being called upon to write on Victorian poetry, he grouped all the others round a central figure, Alfred Tennyson. His greatest contemporaries in the region of poetry, Browning, Swinburne and William Morris, would have been the first to admit that his was the predominating figure.

This is not to say that the bards of the twentieth century are bound to yield the same homage. Every age calls for its own minstrels and interpreters, even as it calls for its own musicians and painters, men who speak and write the language of their own time. We do not at the moment think of one among them who has found a theme "unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme"; but the discovery of that, not the belittling of their predecessors, is the hall-mark by which twentieth century genius will be recognised.

Meantime, whether Tennyson be judged by achievement or influence, he stands first among the poets of his age. It is to Wordsworth, alone among those who were partly contemporary, that he bends the knee, and that only as regards the poetry of nature. Comparing by numbers, Tennyson wrote far more beautiful poems, and many are the dull and prosy pages of Wordsworth. Yet, the older sings of the mysteries of man and nature from a loftier height than his successor. Tennyson had more pictorial beauty, incomparably more charming phrases, but not Wordsworth's majesty of imagination or depth of thought. How far away are we carried from Tennyson's prettiness by:

> . . . I have learned
> To look on nature not as in the hour
> Of thoughtless youth: but hearing oftentimes
> The still sad music of humanity,
> Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power
> To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
> A presence that disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns
> And the round ocean and the living air
> And the blue sky and in the mind of man
> A motion and a spirit that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things.

To read such words is to mount into an atmosphere where rudeness and wrangling die away. Comparisons are odious, but it is a striking fact that Wordsworth has had no true successor, and poets of this century are—the Laureate included—more Tennysonian than Wordsworthian. P. A. G.

*The Poems of John Drinkwater, two vols. (Sidgwick and Jackson, 21s. net.)

*Victorian Poetry, by John Drinkwater. (Hodder and Stoughton, 2s. 6d. net.)

Wild Life in Devon. by Douglas Gordon. (Murray, 7s. 6d. net.)

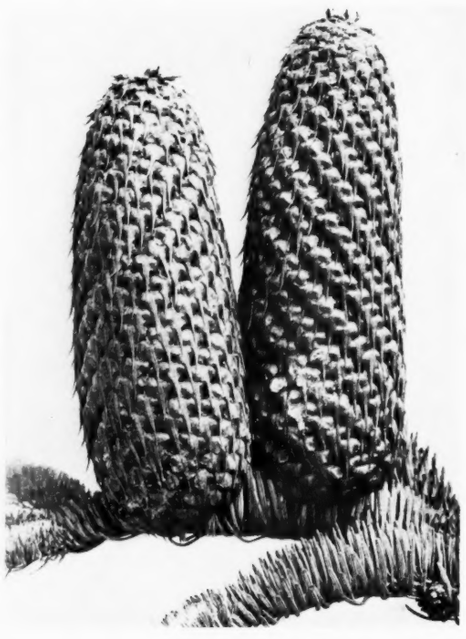
A NOTICEABLE thing about books of natural history during recent years is their development in literary capacity. Twenty years ago, the average specimen could be lumped with guide books, technical handbooks, fourth-rate novels and others as *Biblia a-biblia*, and vilely written most of them were! But natural history essays are now becoming a branch of modern prose literature, and, though this has led in some cases to the production of a glutinous mixture, like the insides of cheap chocolate creams, the demand to-day is at once more general and more exacting and the standard higher. Mr. Gordon's book, the record of a sympathetic sportsman among the wilder fauna of Devon—fox, polecat, otter, deer, buzzard, raven, curlew, golden plover and the like—is a good example of this very desirable change. In other words, it is a book that an educated layman can read with relish. He tells some remarkably good stories, for one thing, not as a raconteur, but as an acute observer with one eye for his material and the other for the look of it in print. What a good one is that of the sparrowhawk (I demur, by the way, at Mr. Gordon's statement that this hawk is bolder in defence of its young than any other British bird—my own choice being the hobby), that exposed itself and changed its furtive nature day after day to guard its dead mate, shot by a keeper! "I am not humanising Nature," says

Mr. Gordon with exquisite, but, I believe, quite unconscious irony. He tells us how a golden plover saved him from being benighted in a Dartmoor swamp; of a pair of buzzards that found their nestling after it had been carried off fifteen miles in a train; of ravens looping the loop. I am most heartily with him in his account of the difficulty of finding a curlew's nest, for an adder struck at my bare leg and missed me by an inch when I was engaged in Somerset on the same—and vain—search. And the festive ways of the raven—one awaits the day when the raven will be known not as the bird of sooty legend and ill omen, but as Old King Cole. Mr. Gordon is so intimate with wild life that it is a positive relief to pick an occasional bone with him. What, for instance does he mean by saying that the yaffle "almost invariably selects solid wood" for the nesting hole? Has he often examined the chips at the foot of the tree? And, surely, the yaffle feeds on ants and ants' eggs, for which his whip-lash tongue, with its adhesive tip, is so well adapted, not as a supplement, but in preference to other diet. But these are mere fish-bones, for Mr. Gordon is a field naturalist of great experience and accuracy. Not the least agreeable features of his book are its humanity and defence of the persecuted, the lack of which makes too many sporting books unreadable. H. J. M.

FIR CONES

By W. J. Bean.

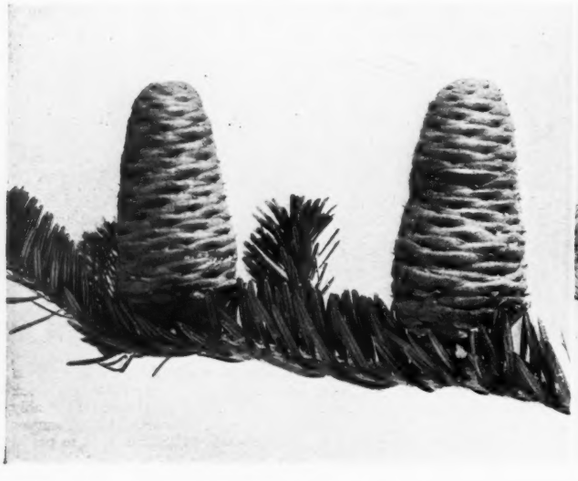
ON the whole, the firs (Abies) may be regarded as the most ornamental of the larger genera of conifers, their closest rivals being the spruces (Picea). Owing to the transposition of the names, these two groups have been much confused. Loudon, for instance, in his great work on trees and shrubs, called the firs "Picea," and the spruces "Abies." Messrs. Veitch, in the first edition of their "Manual of Coniferæ," called both "Abies." In all authoritative works on the present day, in botanic gardens, and even in up-to-date nurseries, the name Abies is used exclusively for the firs. There are two ready distinctions between them and the spruces. In the firs, if one pulls off a leaf from the living shoot, it comes away cleanly, but in the spruces a little of the bark is always torn off with it. That is a difference provided by the leaves; but the cones are also distinctive, in that those of the firs always stand up erect from the branches, while those of the spruces always point downwards. In the firs, also, the cones disintegrate and fall to pieces, but in the spruces they remain intact for an indefinite period, even after the seed is shed. In both genera they are frequently richly coloured before they reach the ripening stage, and at that time add greatly to the beauty of the trees. A representative group of some of the more interesting fir cones are now described.



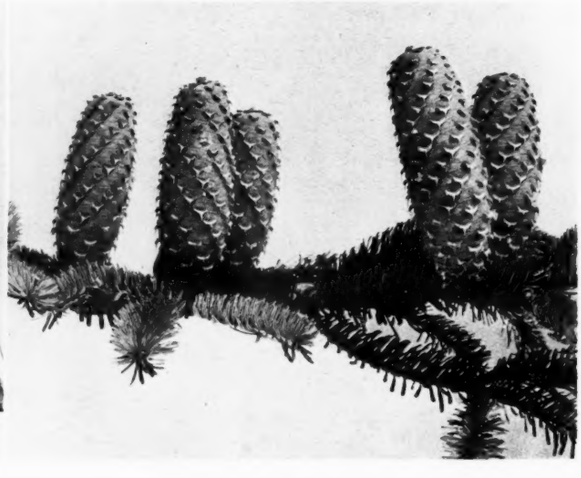
ABIES NOBILIS.

Abies bracteata (Santa Lucia Fir).—This remarkable fir was discovered in the Santa Lucia mountains of California in 1832, and was introduced to this country some twenty years later by Wm. Lobb when engaged on his famous mission to Western North America, during which he first introduced the Wellingtonia (Sequoia gigantea) to English gardens in quantity. It is the most distinct of all firs; firstly, in the leaves, which are 1½ins. to 2½ins. long, stiff and spiny-pointed; secondly, in the large terminal bud, which is slenderly conical and often ¾in long; lastly, in the cone, which is admirably shown in the illustration. The body of it is 3ins. to 4ins. high and 2ins. wide and purplish brown, but its most remarkable feature is provided by the bracts. In the firs these bracts are attached to the outside of the spirally arranged scales of which the cone is built up, and are usually of rather membranous texture. Usually more or less protruded, as our illustrations show, they are sometimes almost hidden, but in the Santa Lucia fir they stand out 1in. to 2ins. from the cone and become hard, rigid and spine-tipped, quite unlike those of any other fir. Unfortunately, this remarkable tree is not common, and many tree lovers have never seen the cone. The best examples are to be seen in the south and western counties of England and in Ireland. Owing to its susceptibility to spring frosts, it succeeds best in elevated localities. The finest trees I have seen is one between 60ft. and 70ft. high in the Earl of Ducie's collection at Tortworth, and one at Fota, near Cork. Another in Lord Clinton's pinetum at Bicton in Devon is about 40ft. high.

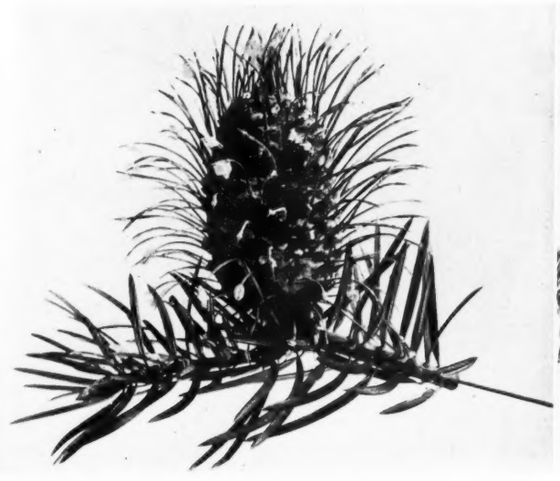
A. cephalonica (Grecian Fir).—Like the species just described, this is also easily distinguished. It may be here mentioned that in all the firs the leaves are attached in a regular spiral manner to the branchlet, but in many of them the leaves are brought into two crowded ranks which stand out more or less laterally from the twig; this is due to those which are attached on the under side being brought up, and those on the upper side being depressed into a horizontal position, giving what botanists call a "pectinate" arrangement, very well illustrated in the well known A. grandis. In others, like A. Nordmanniana, the uppermost leaves are not depressed, but stand up more or less from the branchlets. In two species only do the leaves stand out fairly equally (*i.e.*, "radially") all round the twig; one of these is A. Pinsapo, the other A. cephalonica, and these two are readily



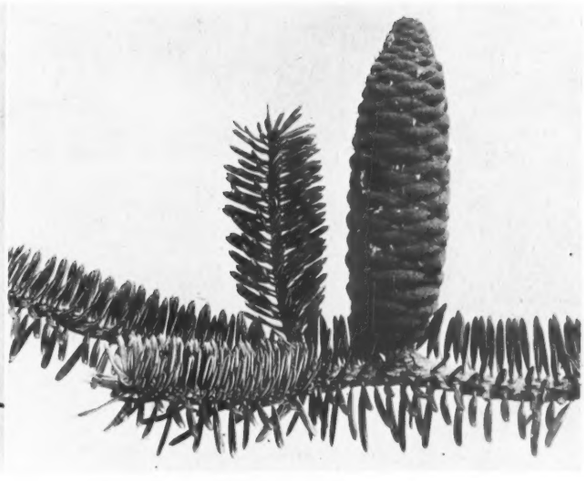
ABIES FIRMA.



ABIES NORDMANNIANA.



ABIES BRACTEATA.



ABIES PINSAPO.

differentiated by the former having round-ended or blunt leaves, the latter having sharp, almost spine-tipped ends. It should be mentioned that these remarks apply only to the sterile side branches of fir trees. The leading shoots always have the leaves standing out regularly and spirally, and in many species the cone-bearing shoots, such as are now illustrated, have them similarly disposed. The cones of A. cephalonica are cylindrical, 4ins. to 6ins. high, 1½ins. in diameter, velvety brown, the golden brown ends of the bracts protruding from the scales and bent downwards. This magnificent fir comes from the mountains of Greece, whence it was introduced in 1824. It thrives splendidly in the British Isles and many fine examples are to be found. I have recently seen some glorious trees in Sir George Holford's collection at Westonbirt in Gloucestershire.

A. Pinsapo.—This picture of the Spanish Fir shows the radial arrangement of the leaves referred to under the previous species. Although denser on the upper side, they stand out from the branchlet all round. The cones are 4ins. or 5ins. long and, except for the tapering summit, cylindrical; in colour they are purplish brown. The bract, as may be seen, is small, the slender point only visible. In a natural state this fir is confined to three forests in the mountains near Ronda in the South of Spain, north of Gibraltar, and is most frequently found on limestone. It thrives very well in the British Isles and trees over 70ft. high are not uncommon. Professor Henry found a tree near Ronda 106ft. high and 14ft. in girth. Lime in the soil is not necessary for its success, but it grows very well where this occurs.

A. firma (Japanese Fir).—It is in the moist, warm valleys of Southern Japan that this tree attains its maximum size. E. H. Wilson found it 130ft. high, the trunk girthing 15ft. to 20ft. Introduced by John Gould Veitch in 1861 and many times since, it has not been a great success and comparatively few fine trees exist in this country, the best occurring in Cornwall. The cone, 4ins. to 5ins. long and 1½ins. to 2ins. wide, is green or greenish yellow, changing to brown at maturity, the bracts slightly exposed and not reflexed.

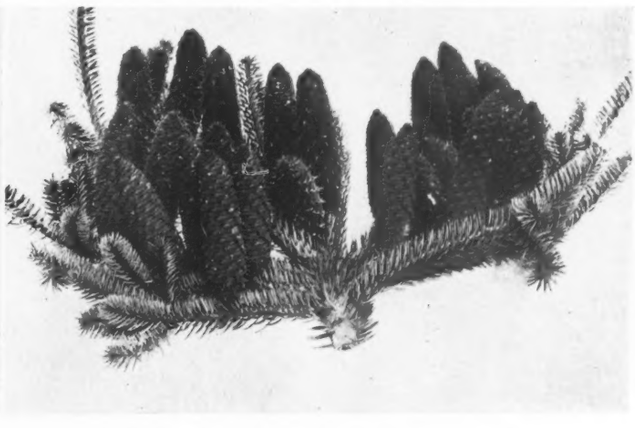
A. Fraseri (Fraser's Balsam Fir).—A native of the south-eastern United States, this was discovered in 1807 by the famous traveller and collector, John Fraser, after whom it is named. It has not a wide natural distinction, but often forms pure forests in the Alleghany Mountains at 4,000ft. to 6,000ft. altitude. In this country, unfortunately, it does not succeed well and trees of notable size are rare. The cones are 2ins. to 2½ins. long and half as much wide and, as our illustration shows, distinctly ornamental, being purple with the golden brown bracts very conspicuous and prettily shaped. A very similar species, much confused with A. Fraseri and coming from the same geographical area, but extending farther north, is A. balsamea. Its cones, however, are very distinct, in the bracts being almost or quite hidden between the scales.

A. nobilis (Noble Fir).—This well named fir is found wild in Oregon, Washington and California and is one of the wonderful giant trees of that region, reaching occasionally 250ft. in stature and quite frequently 200ft. It was discovered by David Douglas in 1825 and introduced soon after. In many parts of Britain, especially in Scotland, it has succeeded extraordinarily well, nowhere perhaps better than in the famous pinetum at Murthly Castle, near Perth. I remember one summer day a good many years ago seeing a group of trees there 100ft. or even more high, some bearing large crops of the magnificent cones, and constituting the finest picture I have ever seen made by firs. These cones are the largest produced by any fir, being 6ins. to 10ins. high and 3ins. to 4ins. wide; they are rich purplish brown with the green bracts bent stiffly downwards, the latter becoming bright reddish brown at maturity. There is a fine tree at Tortworth which the late Lord Ducie once told me he planted himself in 1854; it was well over 100ft. high before he died—a fine example of what a man may live to see who begins to plant when young.

A. Nordmanniana (Caucasian Fir).—One of the happiest under cultivation of all the Old World firs, this is a tree now well known to arboriculturists. It was discovered by Nordmann, a Finnish botanist, in 1836, and introduced to Western Europe in 1848. It is said to have been found 213ft. high and 15ft. in girth of trunk in the Caucasus. It is one of those firs whose leaves are crowded all over the upper side of the downy shoot, the uppermost ones being considerably shorter than the horizontal ones. It is one of the most leafy of firs, the leaves being of a very dark, lustrous green and decidedly one of the most ornamental. The cones are 5ins. to 6ins. long, one-third as much wide and reddish brown, the exposed parts of the bracts roundish with the slender point turned downwards. I have recently seen some splendid trees at Westonbirt, slender cones of perfectly healthy foliage about 90ft. high. In some districts, unhappily, this fir has been attacked and much damaged by one of the insect pests known as chermes.



ABIES FRASERI.



ABIES CEPHALONICA

A. religiosa (Mexican Fir).—This species is of particular interest to lovers of conifers because the tree is so rare that it is still unknown to many, although it was introduced from Mexico as long ago as 1838. It is too tender to succeed in any but the mildest parts of our islands. The best trees I have seen are in the Earl of Stair's collection at Castle Kennedy in South-west Scotland, at Fota, near Cork, and at Tregothnan in Cornwall. In most parts of the country it has utterly failed. The specific name refers to the use of its boughs for decorating churches during religious festivals in Mexico. The cones are about 4ins. long, at first bluish, changing to brown as they mature.

THE HOME OF THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF SWEDEN

THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF SWEDEN have been welcomed home from their honeymoon this week in Stockholm, where the British Princess will share her husband's throne one day. Her future subjects are a stout-hearted people who, in spite of their traditional qualities as the old Vikings of the North—who, indeed, made an art and a science of fighting—hold a record of which they may well be proud and of which only the Scandinavian countries can boast, namely, that of not having been engaged in that horrible thing called war for over a hundred years.



THE ROYAL PALACE, STOCKHOLM.

Sweden still bears the arms of the "Three Crowns," signifying her own and her sister countries of Norway and Denmark (one finds it, to-day, imprinted upon specimens of Stockholm's best porcelain), although, as all the world knows, Norway seceded from her union with Sweden in 1905. It is worthy of note that this intricate and momentous end concerning the countries was attained without resort to the sword, thereby proving to the world that International matters could, should be, and—to the great credit of both the Norwegians and the Swedes—in that case *were* settled bloodlessly. And why? . . . Simply because there was no thirst for war on either side.

Not only has our British Princess been welcomed in one of the most stately and beautiful of European Royal palaces, but the capital itself is, without doubt, one of the most picturesque. It is, however, at a disadvantage that the Crown Princess sees Stockholm during her first days there—unless between then and the time of writing the elements favour her by allowing the snows to fall earlier than usual—for at this time of year a sombre heaviness overshrouds and somewhat eclipses its marvellous natural picturesqueness. Owing to its position (not far south of the confluence of the Baltic Sea and the Gulf of Bothnia) and to the presence of many islands, through which the Saltsjo (a main channel) penetrates nearly forty miles from the open sea, there is water, water everywhere in the capital—for Stockholm stands at the junction of the lake and sea and, indeed, occupies both shores, to say nothing of the Skärgard or intervening islands.

One moment one almost fancies oneself at the seaside, overlooking a not too becalmed bay upon which steamers and trading vessels ply busily to and fro, telling of Sweden's thriving commerce with the outside world. Next you get the impression of a boisterous lake; then suddenly find yourself on a bridge looking down upon a silent stretch of river, where, against its wooded banks, skiffs and punts are hove-to awaiting their occupants, as upon a stretch of one of our home rivers; while a short walk brings you to a point where, by boarding a tiny steamer, you quickly reach Staden, or Old Stockholm; and a canal with familiar locks, through which are passing heavily laden barges, there confronts the eye. Here one feels oneself to be living in the far-off centuries, for there are tall, old-gabled houses and narrow winding streets where, by leaning from one's bedroom window, one could almost shake hands with one's neighbour opposite. But perhaps the most interesting feature of Old Stockholm is its market, which, on a smaller scale, flourishes in the old-time style.

Stockholm, or "The Isle of the Log," is said to have been founded about the middle of the thirteenth century by Earl Birger. It was, however, originally founded as a fortress on the island of Stadholm—hence its present name—but during the Middle Ages it developed rapidly and became the commercial capital of both the Midlands and the North, although not until more modern times did it become the capital in the sense of being the seat of Parliament.

Stockholm is a city of elegant spires, yet, with one exception, there is nothing very remarkable about the interiors of the churches. Storkyrka (which means "Great Church") is the exception, being the oldest church in the capital. Dedicated to St. Nicholas, its foundation dates from 1264; but it was almost entirely rebuilt early in the eighteenth century, and its interior is richly adorned both with paintings and handsome wood carving.



A NIGHT-TIME PHOTOGRAPH OF THE NEW TOWN HALL.

Riddarholmskyrkan is the cathedral of past days, and is no longer used for regular service, but since the time of Gustavus Adolphus (1611–32) the more modern part of it has become the Royal mausoleum. A spire that in the distance catches the eye particularly, being of a delicate filigree design, on closer acquaintance proves to be but a wooden one protruding from a museum in the Djurgarden, or Deer Park, which is, however, built to represent one of the Norwegian timber churches of long ago.

Sweden has fine cathedrals in Lund, Linköping, Upsala and various towns, and her share of old churches, mostly built in the Middle Ages, in other parts of the country, particularly around Lake Mälaren, in Vaster and Oster Gotland, wherein are many mediæval

naments, stone fonts, gold and silver communion vessels, and altar embroideries of great artistic value, while many of the walls and vaults will be found decorated with fifteenth-century paintings.

A point of interest with regard to Swedish saints, and especially at this moment, is that one St. Henry (Henrik), takes his place beside St. Eric, St. Bridget, St. Sigfrid, St. Botvid and others. Sweden accepted Christianity from English and German missionaries in the eleventh century; but the Swedish yeoman and the Viking were tenacious opponents, and by their stubborn resistance delayed the progress and organisation of the Church. St. Henrik was an English-born bishop who aided King Eric. King Eric (the saint) completed the ancient cathedral in what is now called Old Upsala and undertook a crusade to Finland, whither he was accompanied by his friend and colleague Henry. A further point of interest is that the cross in the Swedish flag was introduced to perpetuate this crusade—which seems to suggest that a close tie should exist between our country and Sweden.

In this city of islands almost every notable building finds its way down to the water's edge. The Kungl Slottet, or Royal Palace, is a striking edifice, built in the Italian Renaissance style, the former one having been burnt to the ground in 1697. It is remarkable for its stateliness and on account of its wings—it has six, two stretching eastwards and four westwards—while water skirts it on two sides; in fact, here is found the great shipping quay of Skeppsbro, whence hie most of the seabound steamers. The King and Queen usually spend the summer at one of their outlying country palaces. Crossing the Norrbro one comes to the Royal Theatre, Royal Opera House and the Crown Prince's Palace.

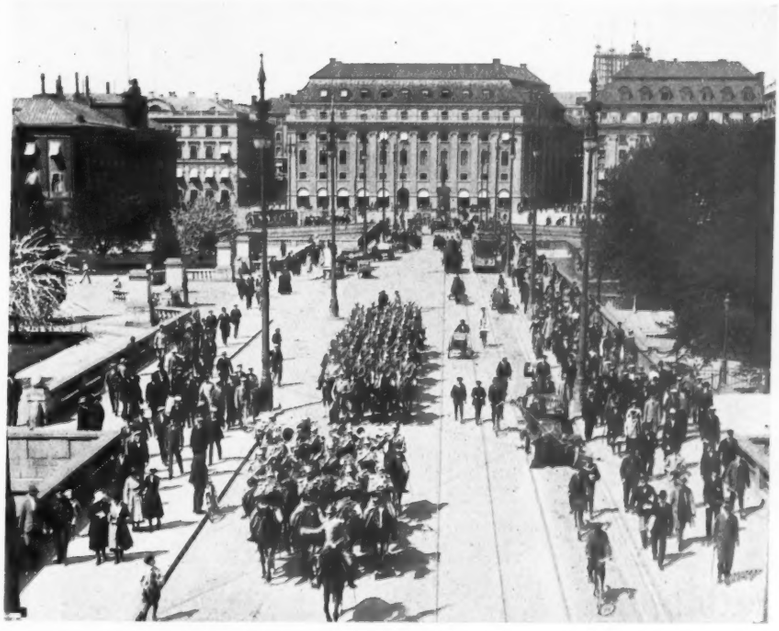
In the last two or three decades, and particularly during the war, industrialism has developed considerably. It has, indeed, superseded agriculture in being the most important factor in the economic life of Sweden. All over the country there are signs of industry and trade being favoured in preference to agricultural pursuits. With the development of industrialism came also a great increase in trade and shipping, which, naturally, both depended upon, and was in itself the cause of the founding of, a great banking system that has gradually reached its present flourishing state. Forestry, fisheries and handicrafts have also their place, particularly the former. The shops are attractive. I was delighted to find in one of the best in Stockholm girl attendants garbed in one of the many styles of pretty peasant costume, such as are still worn in Dalecarlia.

The new Town Hall is a fine building; high above its lighthouse tower can be seen, suspended in gold, Sweden's arms—as already stated, the Three Crowns. But the Riddarhuset is, perhaps, the pride of Stockholm. This is a stone building that in former days was the meeting house of the "Council of Nobles," whose armorial bearings adorn its hall, while the exterior is also very ornamental. On the island of the Holy Spirit (Helgeansholmen) stands the new House of Parliament—the Ricksdag, above which is seen floating the Swedish flag—and the Riksbanken, or Bank of Sweden. Sweden has had a two-chamber Parliament since 1865, when a great constitutional reform was passed. But from far-off times Sweden's constitution has been based upon the idea of freedom controlled by law and order, a principle in which she rightly expected her citizens to accept their share of responsibility.

ISABEL TRUMPER.



NEAR LEKSAND IN DALECARLIA.



FROM THE PALACE. CHANGING THE GUARD.



VILLAGERS OF RATTVIK IN DALECARLIA.

The photographs from which this article is illustrated were kindly lent by the Swedish Legation.

COVNTRY HOMES GARDENS OLD & NEW

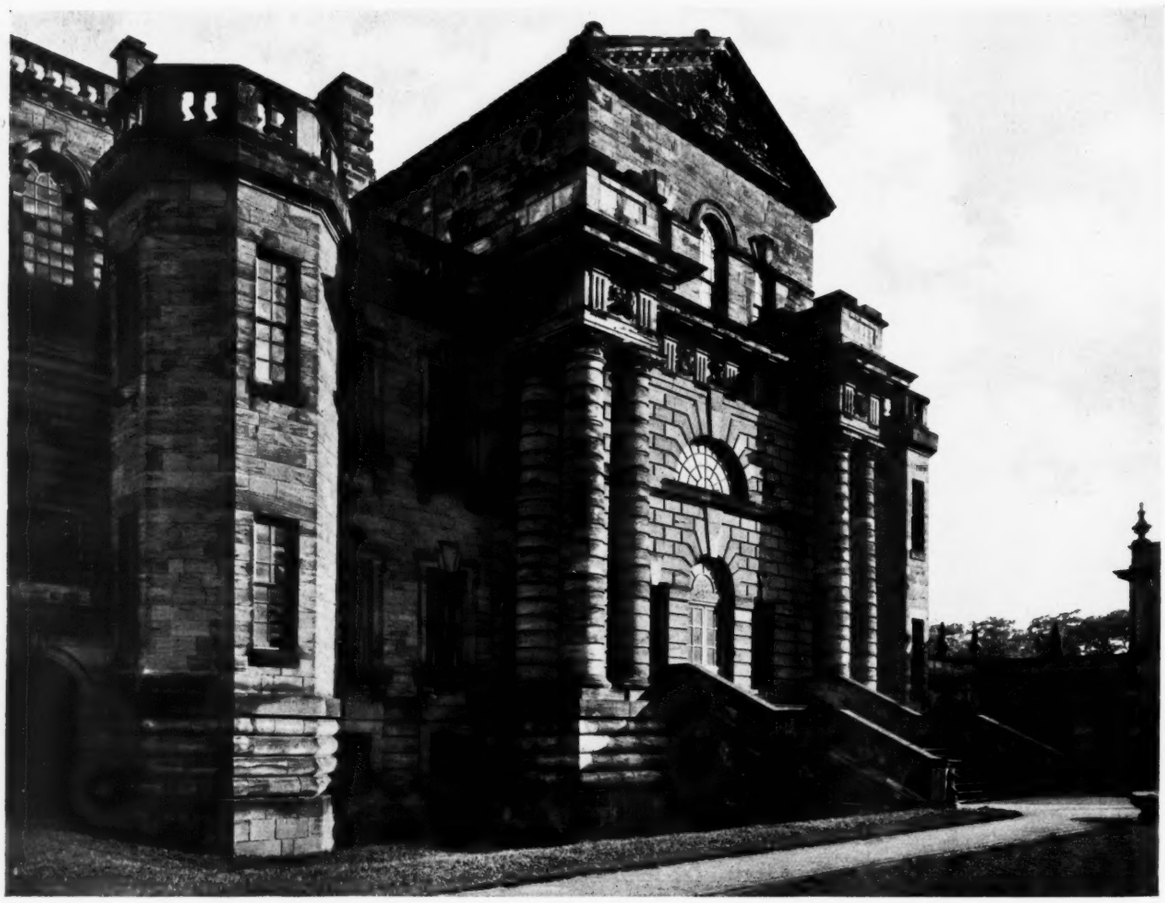
SEATON DELAVAL—II.

NORTHUMBERLAND,

The Property of
LORD HASTINGS.

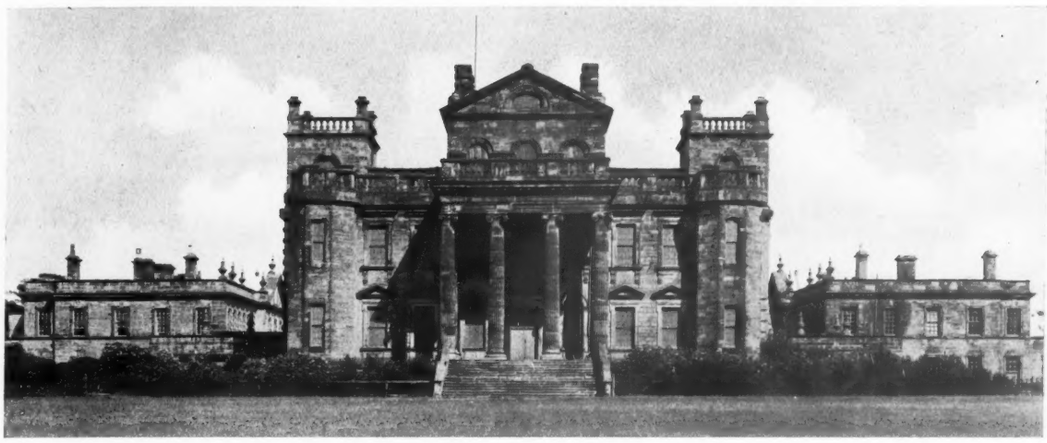
"THE Admiral is very gallant in his operations, not being disposed to starve the design at all. So that he is like to have a very fine dwelling for himself now, and his nephew hereafter." This sentence, in Sir John Vanbrugh's letter relating to the building of Seaton Delaval during August, 1721, is one of the few authentic references we have to the building. The admiral referred to is George Delaval, cousin of the more famous Admiral Sir Ralph Delaval, who died in 1707 and is buried in Westminster Abbey.

Admiral George bought Seaton from Sir John, the third and last baronet, in 1717, as the second and third baronets did not live in the old house. The family, long seated in Northumberland, was of Norman extraction, the first of the line, Guido, having married Dionesia, daughter of Robert Earl of Morton, soon after the Conquest. Seaton at that time was only one of the family's numerous possessions, one of the principal of which was, in Henry II's time, Naseby in Northamptonshire, where a Guy Delaval held twenty knights' fees. During the following reign the same Guy contributed to the Scutage of Wales and later to the Aid for the King's Redemption, when it becomes apparent that he had properties in Oxon and Lincolnshire, with the capital seat of the barony in Yorkshire. In 1215 Gilbert Delaval was in arms against John, and was one of the twenty-five barons sworn to see Magna Carta confirmed by Innocent III. He is stated to have held the manor of Calverdon in Northumberland *in capite* since the Conquest. Another Delaval, Eustace, also held "Blackaliddon, Seton, Reusam and Discington, *de veteri feoffamento*"—a possession, as regards Seaton, which Camden maintains began under Henry I. However that is, we get in this entry the earliest mention of Seaton and Dissington which, for six hundred years, were intimately connected with the Delavals. From now on the Delavals engaged in the Border wars and raids that occupied the population on either side of the Cheviots, with occasional summonses to appear in the South for expedition into France. During Lancastrian times there was a break in the direct descent, but by 1436 a William Delaval appears to have united the estates, which had got separated, by heiresses. In the sixteenth century the property had again got separated, till John Horsley, the heir, at last gave them back, free of charge, to George Delaval, the representative of the old family. So we come to Sir John, often High Sheriff of the county between 1543 and 1572, who was succeeded by Sir Robert (died 1607), followed by Sir Ralph, knight, who died in 1628. There are various references to him as a Border Commissioner under the Council of the



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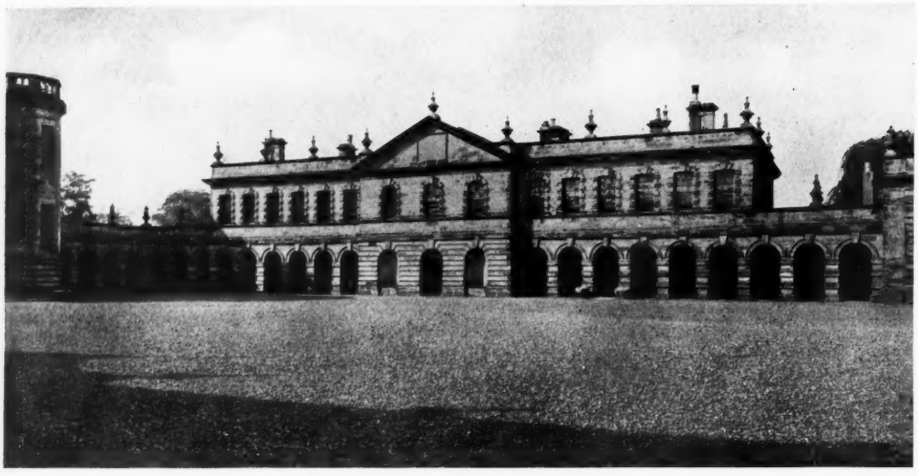
1.—THE HALL STEPS FROM THE FORECOURT. "COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright. 2.—THE SOUTH FRONT. "COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright. 3.—DEEPLY CUT COLUMNS OF THE PORTICO. "COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright. 4.—THE WEST WING. "COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright. 5.—LOOKING NORTHWARDS. "COUNTRY LIFE."

North in the Muncaster papers, but never sufficient to individualise him. His grandson, Sir Ralph who succeeded, married the daughter of General Leslie, first Earl of Leven, the famous leader of the Scots army during the Civil wars. Sir Ralph was staunch for the King all through, and was created a baronet at the Restoration. A son, Ralph, at this time emerges from the prevailing obscurity in one or two letters that have survived. Writing from Paris, in 1674, to his father, he complains:

> My condition grows daily worse by my own folly and my wife's great unkindness; but I may find a way to be even with her yet. If I could come home without money I would, but that is impossible, and I may as well starve here as anywhere.

A nameless correspondent completes the picture in 1681, writing from the Hague to Sir Ralph:

> Lady Elizabeth Delaval is gone to Scotland and has dismissed me from her service. Before she went she made her will, by which your family shall have no benefit. Sir Harry Bellasis is her chief adviser, and said "Your Lordship (?) does nothing but what is just. Sir Ralph is a fool and a knave, governed by his sot wife."

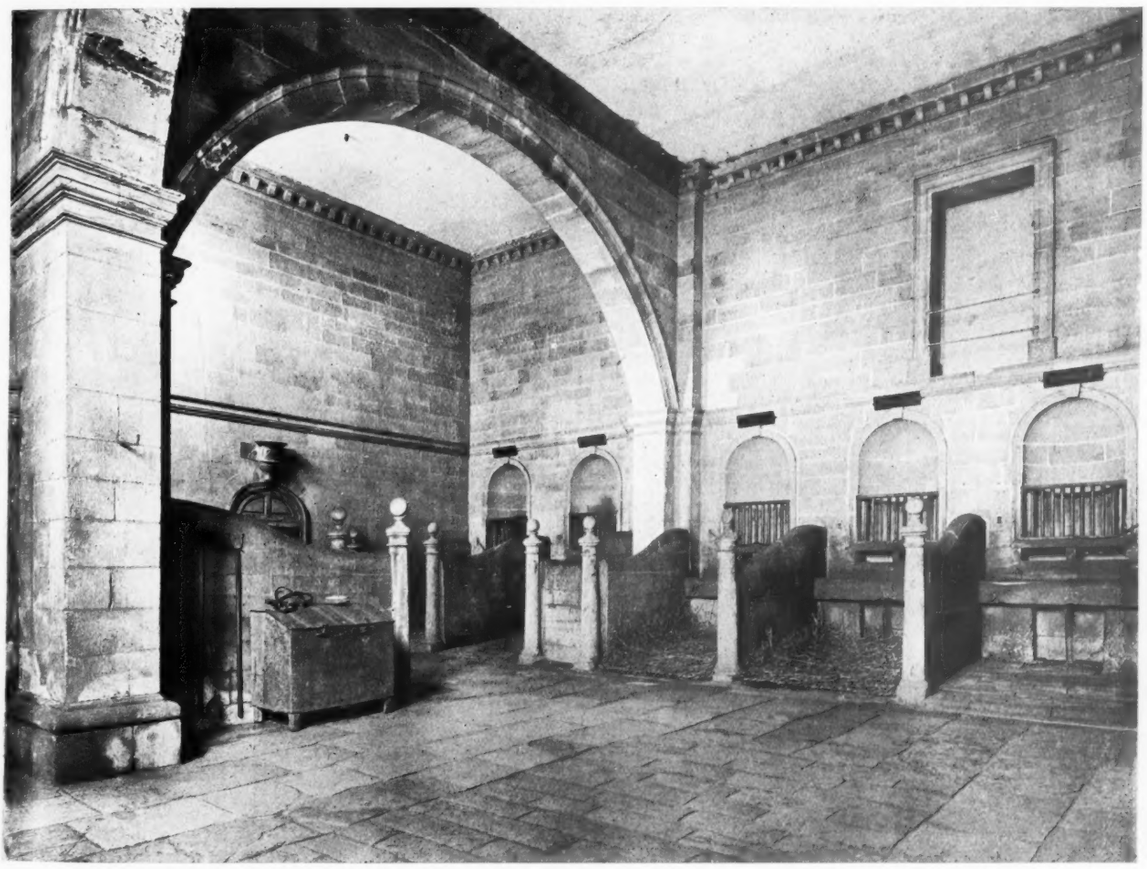
This Ralph was the third son of his father, and succeeded on his death in 1691, having married a daughter of the first Earl of Warrington, and died in 1696.

Collateral with the Delavals of Seaton were those of North Dissington, springing from Sir Robert Delaval, knight (died 1607), and then represented by Edward Delaval, whose younger brother, George, is the builder of the present house, and from his correspondence with Edward we learn a few facts about the development of his ideas.

Edward Delaval of Dissington, brother of Admiral George, had married a daughter of Sir Francis Blake of Ford Castle, Northumberland, the issue of which marriage, Francis Blake Delaval, is the nephew referred

to in Vanbrugh's letter, who united the properties of Seaton, Dissington and Ford.

We may now enquire a little into the career of this Captain George Delaval, the builder, and into the source of the wealth needed for such a vast undertaking. As to the former, he appears to have entered the Navy early and, under Admiral Delaval, his uncle, to have risen with some rapidity. In 1698, when commanding the Coventry man-o'-war, he was appointed to treat with the Alcaid of Tangier, and in 1710, when still only a captain, was sent as envoy extraordinary to Portugal in the room of the Earl of Galway, and then to the Emperor of Morocco, to treat for horses and provisions for the confederate army under Lord Peterborough, then operating in Spain. About this time he was raised to the rank of admiral. Thus, in April, 1717, he wrote to his brother: "My Estate is let this year. I consider my estate will not bring me in superfluities of money," for which reason he intends to go to sea again. "I would be glad to divert myself in my old age," he continues, "repairing the old house, making a garden and planting forest trees, for which we may expect prayers when we are no more. Praises, I should call it, for fear of being



Copyright. 6.—THE STABLES IN THE EAST WING. "COUNTRY LIFE."

thought Popish"—an afterthought occasioned by the arrest of some of the Jacobite neighbours in Northumberland two years before. He then reverts to his decision to seek active service: "I must go to sea that it may be said I secured, and not that I was made a Flag to be called an Admiral; and if I come to be Admiral I shall have £150 per annum half pay." Not that he was a poor man, but that he was careful of every odd pound after his investment in his new property. From the above, too, we see that the idea of rebuilding the house had not yet possessed his mind. Last week we saw that in February of 1718 he had approached Vanbrugh with a view to a restoration, which "he is most excellent at"; but the same letter also indicates that the thought of a complete reconstruction was in his mind. By the end of that year, Vanbrugh seems to have visited the place and to have settled the matter definitely. The old house seems to have been left for two years, probably until part of the new one was far enough advanced to be inhabited; demolition was in progress during October, 1720.

But long before the great house was completed the old admiral met his death by falling from his horse, which he had mounted one afternoon after dinner for a tour of the grounds, and his nephew Francis succeeded.

As to the source of the income whence such a vast pile was constructed: during the late seventeenth century the demand for coal slowly but surely increased. Much was exported from Newcastle to London and elsewhere by sea, fetching in London, about 1638, 19s. a chaldron, including a 4s. excise. Before the Civil Wars Dudley was making spasmodic experiments in smelting iron by coal, but no progress in that direction was really made before the middle eighteenth century. Sir Ralph Delaval, not being a Newcastle merchant and, therefore, not bound by the Corporation's strict regulations, determined to exploit his estates, and to that end set about constructing a harbour for the colliers. A beck ran into the sea close below his castle, which he hoped, with a pier, might provide a haven. The current, however, was always silting up the basin. He then hit upon the idea of a sluice, holding back the waters of the beck until the tide was out, then opening them so that the pent-up beck rushed out and scoured the basin "as clear as a marble table." This little port was called Seaton Sluice, and Charles II appointed Sir Ralph collector and surveyor of his own port, "no one to meddle with him." "If on the whole the profits did not answer the account, the pleasure of designing and executing, which is the most exquisite of all, did it"—as an old writer on the harbour points out. And if Sir Ralph did not reap the reward of this enterprise, his successors did.

As the great house was gradually completed—an event which occurred about 1728, and after the accession of Francis Blake Delaval—the neighbourhood became gayer and more *au monde*. He married Rhoda Apreece of Huntingdonshire, eventual heiress of her grandfather, Sir Thomas Hussey. By this marriage yet another property was added—that of Doddington in Lincolnshire. The numerous progeny of this marriage filled the great house with life. The second son, John Hussey Delaval, succeeded to Ford, while the eldest, Sir Francis Blake Delaval, K.B., who was an authority on Irish legislation, succeeded at Seaton and Doddington in 1751. There exist letters to him from the fourth Earl of Chesterfield—who, by the marriage of Anne Delaval to Sir William Stanhope, second son of the third Earl of Chesterfield, was Delaval's brother-in-law—touching Ireland, of which he was Lord Lieutenant, and several from Samuel

Foote, the actor. Some of these are to Doddington, and others shed some light on the doings at Seaton. There seems to have been all manner of gaieties. George Delaval, writing to his brother Thomas in February, 1753, says :

> It was in the *Daily Advertizer* that upwards of four thousand Gentlemen and Ladies had been assembled at Seaton Delaval to see the Rope dancers.

On another occasion Mrs. Astley, a sister, who had married Edward Astley of Melton Constable, but who passed much of her time here, wrote :

> Bob has undertaken to entertain us with a Pantomin entertainment of his own composing, these Christmas holy days. He has taken in all most all the people in the house as performers. I fancy it will be a very curious sight.

Later we learn that Bob has performed his pantomime entertainment before a great number of country folk, who showed their approbation with great fits of laughter. About the same time Foote writes :

> There is no news but what the papers will bring, but we have long and pompous accounts of the Tilts, tournements, Gamblings and Bull-batings at Seaton. Your uncle Price says that Mr. Pelham has hired two dancing Bears to transmit to your Brother by way of keeping him in the Country till the Parliament is up.

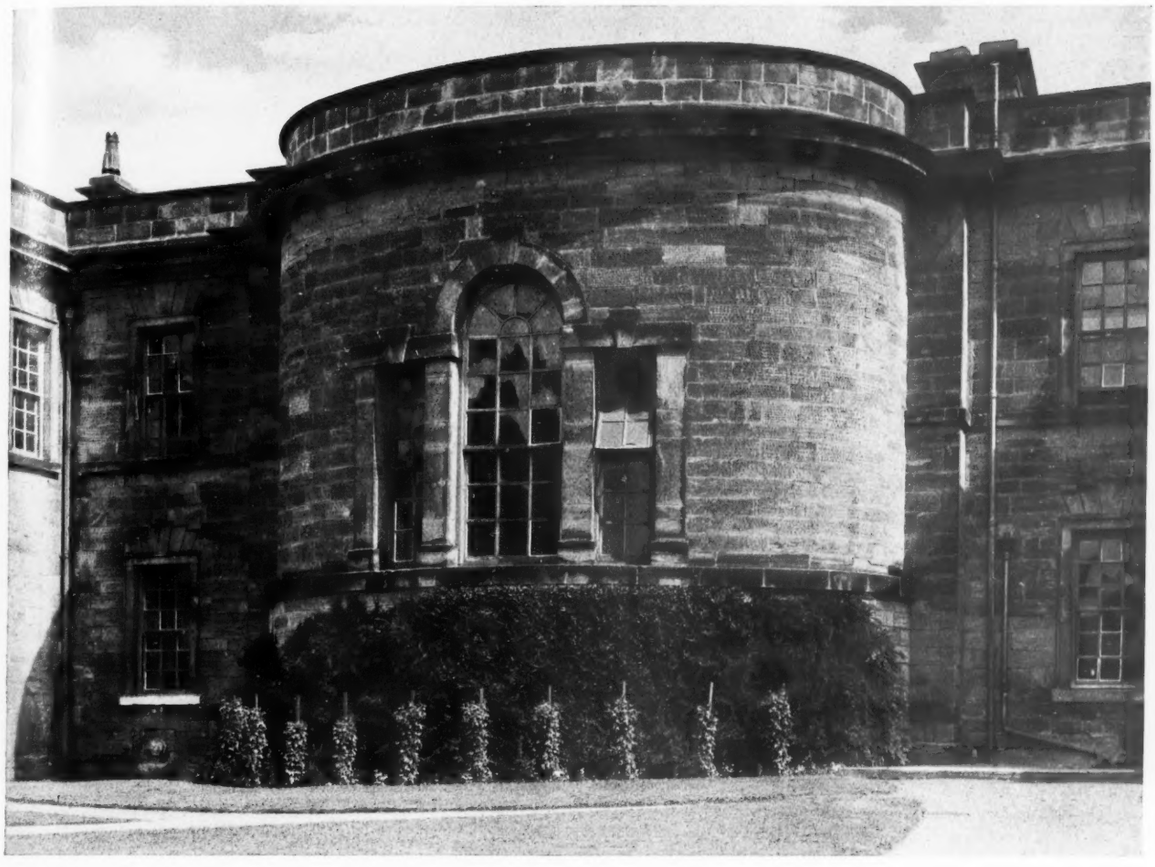
Thus the grand operatic mind of Sir John Vanbrugh seems, by means of its expression in stone and mortar, to have been not without influence on the inhabitants of Seaton. While the frivolous members of this large and happy family were enlivening the winter evenings in this way, some of the brothers were travelling, others studying. In 1751 Thomas Delaval was taken by Mr. Bosanquet, his tutor, into Saxony "to improve his knowledge of trade." Thus he writes from Hamburg to his brother, imploring a loan of £120 to pay debts incurred through his inexperience and the sharp practice of those among whom he lived. Later, from Dresden, he recounts a visit paid to the china factory at Meissen. "They show you everything from the mixing of the Clay till it comes out in its last perfection. There is nothing that is not represented in this European china, which, in my opinion, is every bit as curious as that of China. The only fault I find is that it costs somewhat more."



Copyright. 7.—WEST WING, FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR. "C.L."

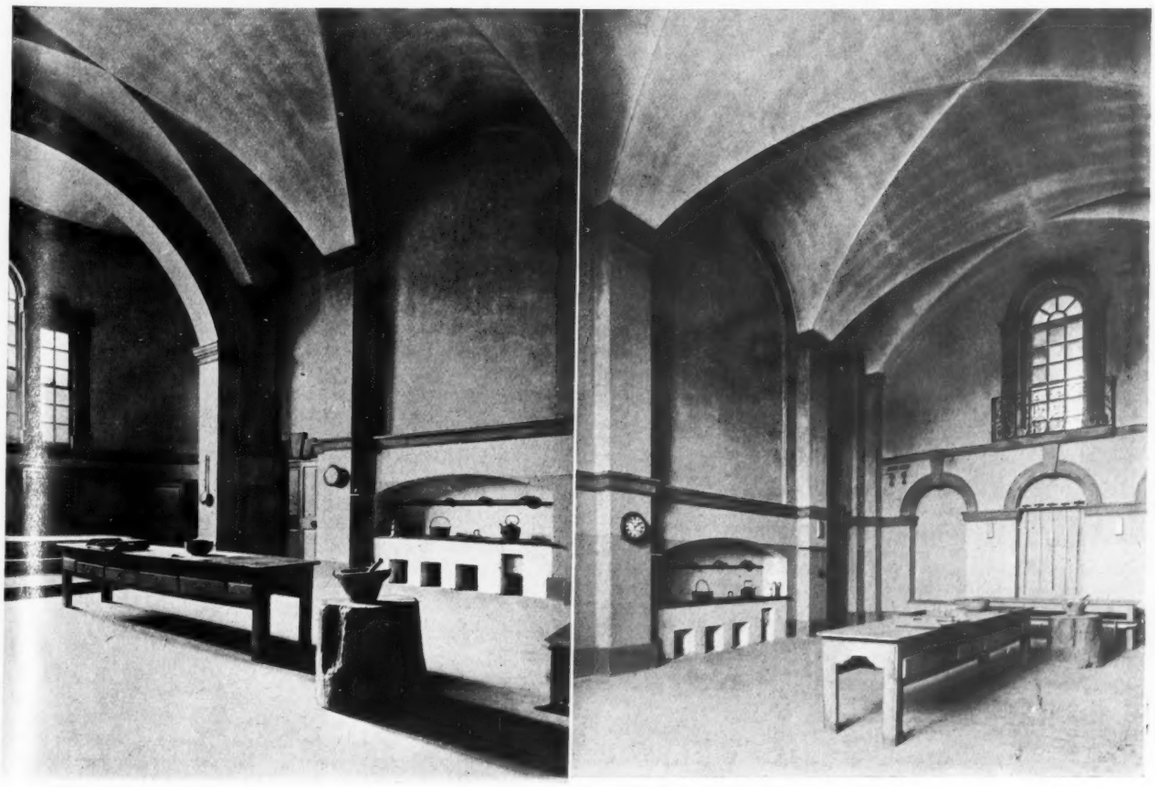
This same Thomas afterwards founded a glass works at Hartley, near to Seaton, largely for the purpose of consuming the slack from Hartley collieries. His brother or nephew subsequently bought it from him.

Another brother—Edward Hussey Delaval—was an experimental chemist and one of the pioneers of research into the nature of electricity, as manifested in lightning. When St. Paul's was struck in 1772, he set up a lightning conductor of his own design. He also seems to have conducted experiments in his brother's glass works, as he published a treatise on the

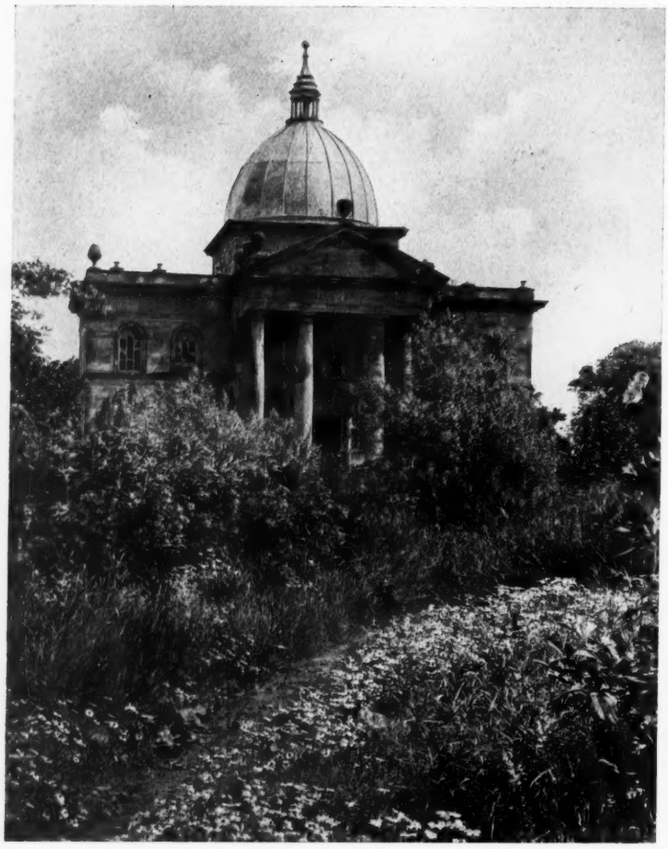


Copyright. 8.—WEST WING, EXTERIOR OF KITCHEN. "COUNTRY LIFE."

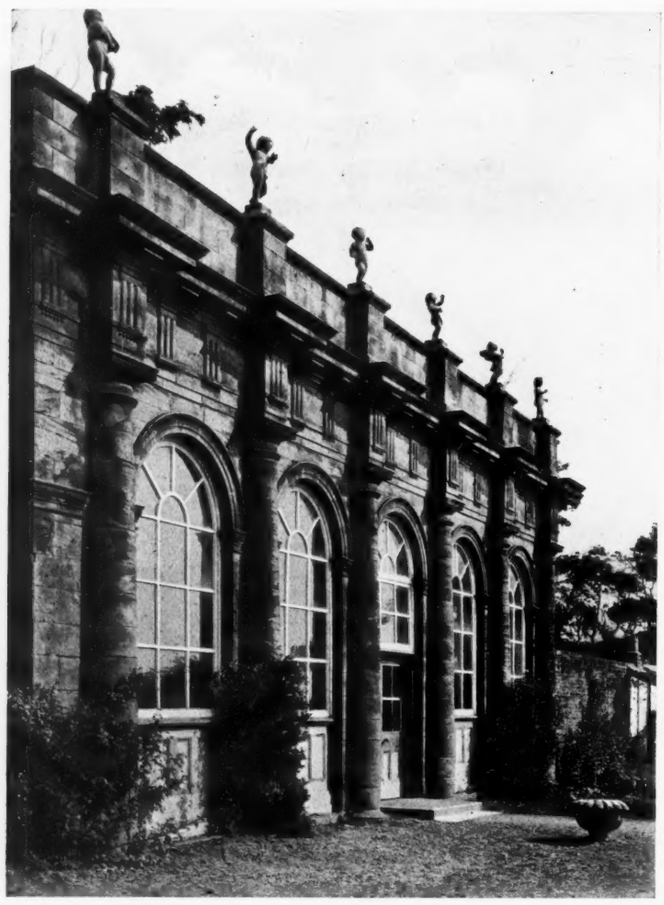
and Coloured Bodies," besides inventing several kinds of glass and artificial stone. These brothers seem to have been combined into one man, "Thomas Edward," in all the pedigrees. I rely on the Dictionary of National Biography for their separation. Meanwhile, the two elder brothers, Sir Francis and John, were pursuing the science of success. Sir Francis had got himself elected to Parliament for Andover, by the expedient of firing off a cannon, charged with 500 guineas,



Copyright. 9.—IN THE KITCHEN, LOOKING WEST. 10.—AND EASTWARDS. "C.L."



Copyright. 11.—THE MAUSOLEUM. BUILT 1776. "C.L."



Copyright. 12.—THE ORANGERY, WITH DANCING PUTTI. "C.L."

colour effects produced by certain metals when united with glass, and a quarto volume on "The causes of Changes in Opaque into the crowd round the hustings at polling time. In 1761 both brothers had been honoured, the former with the Bath, the latter with a baronetcy. Sir Francis, however, died in 1771, aged only forty-eight, whereupon Seaton and Doddington went to Sir John, who already had Ford. Samuel Foote is said to have been deeply affected by his death; but, hearing that a post-mortem inquest was after cutting off his head, the comedian brightened up. "And what on earth," he asked, "will they get there? I have known poor Frank these five and twenty years, and I could never find anything in it." John, in 1783, materialised a peerage, though an Irish one—the Barony of Redford; as the King would not suffer Fox to create any more in the English peerage. Three years later, however, he received the English one from Pitt. He is celebrated in the Rolliad:

> That noble convert, Berwick's honoured choice,
> That faithful echo of the people's voice;
> One day to gain an Irish title glad
> For Fox he voted; so the People bade.
> 'Mongst English Lords ambitious grown to sit,
> Next day the *People* bade him vote for Pitt.
> To join the stream our Patriot nothing loath
> By turns discretely gave his voice to both.

He would seem to be the "Punch Delaval" referred to in George Selwyn's letters to Lord Carlisle, while Wraxall, in his memoirs, records that at the age of seventy his person remained graceful and slender, his manners elegant, gay and pleasing. Representative of a great family, he was powerful and immensely wealthy. The heir to the long pedigree and his father's glory was a son, John, by his first wife, born in 1756. But this unfortunate youth perished in 1775, having been kicked in a vital organ by a laundry maid to whom he was paying his addresses.

Thus died the last of the Delavals, by the foot of a buxom slut. Over the broken remnants of so much hope, the dust of so long glory, his father raised a temple, less to commemorate his achievements than his genealogical significance. The old man stood, last of a dying race, surrounded by childless brothers and sisters, who had all of them given such happy promise in their youth, and ordered the piling up of Cyclopean stones for the reception of the least worthy, but the last of his line. But they were never consecrated, owing, tradition has it, to the exorbitant charge made by the bishop.

Lord Delaval himself died one morning at breakfast, at Seaton Delaval, in the year 1808, aged eighty years. Of his six daughters, the Countess of Tyrconnel had a daughter and heiress—Susanna Lady Waterford—on whom he entailed all his estates; though Doddington and Seaton passed, for life, to his younger brother, Edward, the scientist (*see* Dictionary of National Biography), who lived till 1814, though he let Seaton to a Mr. Huthwaite. On the death of Lady Waterford an heir had to be sought in the descendants of Rhoda, the sister who had married Mr.—later Sir—Edward Astley, of whom the present owner, Lord Hastings, is the representative.

We considered the main block of Seaton in some detail last week. The fluted Ionic portico and the whole of the south front are of the most successful of Vanbrugh's elevations.

In a room in the north-east angle of the main block are hung the mouldering pictures of the Delavals. It is the best room in the house now, for it retains its mahogany bolection moulded panelling. The use of this wood for panelling is always unusual and we know, from a letter, the date of its erection, July, 1724, when the clerk of the works wrote that "two men were set on to wainscot the N.E. room with the Mahoygany wood which is so well dried it works very well." Wainscoting was an early use of mahogany to which it was not put when its beauty in the round came to be appreciated. In the north-east corner of the room is an ingenious double door, the leaves of which meet at right angles, thus forming the corner of the room,

and, when open, lie flat against the thickness of the wall as it goes through to the octagonal closet contained in the angle of the turret. The doors thus move only through an angle of 45°.

The main block, however, has been uninhabited since 1822, when a disastrous fire gutted nearly all of it. There were some ideas of rebuilding it, and Dobson, the Newcastle architect, made out designs, not without individual character. But, happily, no additions were made, though it is melancholy to see the great shell so gaunt and cold.

The wings were not affected by the fire and are now two separate residences. The western one is the residence of Colonel Pollard, and contains the vast kitchen of the old house, lighted to the west by a Venetian window set high in an ovoid bay (Fig. 9), and on the east by an interior window opening on to the corridor (Fig. 10), which runs the whole length of this wing. Though originally communicating only with the less important bedrooms, Vanbrugh has left it characteristically his own, and one or two pieces of the original furniture, and some family pictures, still adorn it and the adjacent rooms. For example, the very fine limewood table shown in Fig. 7, typical of Kent,

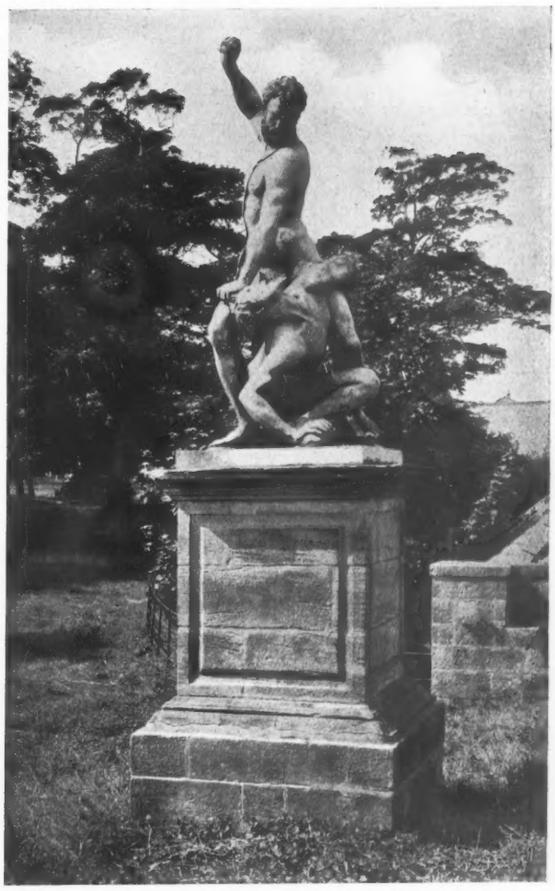


Copyright. 13.—GILT MIRROR. *CIRCA* 1726. "C.L."

who designed furniture most suitable for Vanbrugh's interiors at the time when Seaton was nearing completion. Another admirable piece is the hanging gilt gesso mirror (Fig. 13). The bevelling is extraordinarily fine, as can be seen at the base of the mirror, while the quality of the mouldings is superb. No finer work was produced in France, which is high praise for English pieces of this kind.

This west wing was damaged by fire in May, 1752. The kitchen chimney had been smoking, and, in trying to remedy the defect, a beam was exposed which at length burst into flames. The wing seems at that time to have been the independent residence of Mrs. Astley, for in the letters in which she recounts the tidings, and thanks Providence for not having suffered the fire to break out in the night, she refers to all the rooms being consumed in the " wing where we live, and those under them " ; the walls were not much affected, as was the case when much the same thing happened seventy years later in the main block.

A pleasant garden abuts on the back of this wing, with parterres and superb lead groups. These are akin to some



Copyright. 14.—LEAD FIGURES IN GARDEN. "C.L."



Copyright. 15.—LEAD GROUP. "C.L."

groups at Castle Howard, and are cast in minutest detail. Goliath (Fig. 15) can be seen to be making the traditional sign against sorcery—thumbs buried in palms of hands. In other parts of the grounds are the charming orangery surmounted by a row of dancing and singing *putti*, and the mausoleum.

This building is evidently in emulation of that built by Hawkesmore at Castle Howard, while it strives to attain Vanbrugh's grandeur. Though the pillars are beautifully marked monoliths and the stones throughout are of great size, the general effect is unsatisfactory and thin, a defect traceable to the unemphatic treatment and arrangement of the windows and the general vagueness of the wall surface. The dome, too, is far from pleasing and, while too tall, also gives an impression of flimsiness. The architect of this unfortunate, and now melancholy and forgotten, shrine is not known.

The east wing contains the cathedral-like stables and the residence of Mr. Ross, the agent. The grandeur of these vast stalls, with monolithic mangers and ashlar stone partitions is one of the most impressive things about the place. None but princely chargers and the palfries of potentates dare, surely, to enter so august a stable.

A little away from the house lies the early Norman church of Seaton Delaval, containing a fine sculptured west doorway of about the middle of the twelfth century, and the recumbent effigies of a thirteenth-century knight and of a lady. The best thing in the church, though, is a gem-like panel of late fourteenth or early fifteenth century glass, showing a Prince of Wales, kneeling, in armour, traditionally called the Black Prince. Whoever is represented, it is a most beautiful little work.

As we take our way across the far-stretching forecourt, with the rising crags of the house behind us, the wind blows fresh up the slope from the sea, and, framed in the two end pavilions of the wings, the coast meanders to Newbiggin Point, beyond which are Berwick and the hills. CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

THE BERKSHIRE PIG

By H. R. BEETON, *President of the British Berkshire Society for* 1924.

WHEN our ancestors were looking for the breeds of pigs most worthy of cultivation it was not by accident that they lighted on the Berkshire, and the breed has been in process of perfecting ever since. To act, however, upon the assumption that "good wine needs no bush" in an age of competition is, as the Americans say, to get badly left, and by dint of praiseworthy endeavour and judicious advertisement other breeds have achieved equal and even greater popularity. But, as the use of pigs is to make meat for man, the butcher's block provides a test of utility; and, judged by this criterion, the Berkshire pig stands supreme, having never failed to win the championship award in the carcass class at Smithfield over all breeds every year since its inauguration in 1904, in addition to having been awarded the Whitley Cup for the best bacon breed at the Dairy Show; while all the latest experiments, both abroad and at home, for determining the most economic pig for bacon indicate a first-cross with a Berkshire as parent on one side or the other. Thus, after many years, is the wisdom of our ancestors confirmed by the experience of our own generation, and the commercial future of the breed abundantly assured.



HIGHFIELD ROYAL PYGMALION, EATON HERD.
Property of the Duke of Westminster.

The Berkshire pig has, indeed, always enjoyed distinguished and discriminating patronage. Its superlative conformation and quality command recognition even from the inexpert. The fact is, of course, that our sense of beauty has its roots in utility, and the extent of edibility in its wide and deep hams and the small waste in its short legs and fine bone instinctively carry conviction to the eye of the beholder. To be sure, only an incompetent critic would affirm that it embodies all the excellences. Those who know most about the genus Sus know that there is no such thing as the best breed; but they know also that what the little boy said of his big drum is true of the Berkshire breed—that it is hard to beat.

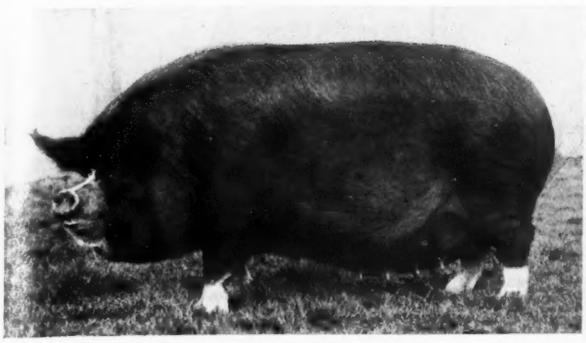
It is not, perhaps, the least of its merits that it adapts itself to all climates. It thrives alike in Canada and in India, and it has repeatedly taken the highest honours at the Royal Show in Sydney. Among the more or less justifiable prejudices against the breed is its tendency to excess of fat, and consequent infecundity; but, so far as such criticism is founded, it is the outcome of an unintelligent reliance upon its inherent excellence, and the corrective is not far to seek or hard to apply. Owing to early breeding and to short gestation it is easier to modify the characteristics of pigs by selection and mating than those of other varieties of livestock. In the successful pursuit of early maturity, in response to the demand for fat bacon which prevailed until lately, some of our best breeds have been made too good "doers"; but with the open-air system and the scientific rationing now practised a Berkshire "side" can be produced superior to any, and a Berkshire sow will yield as large a litter as any sow can do justice to. I am inclined to think, too, that other breeds which have been more commercially exploited have been adapted more quickly to the changed requirements of the trade; but the innate excellence of the Berkshire breed is bound to command the favour of the man who is farming for profit, because the carcass which yields the lightest offals, the thickest "streaky" and the largest percentage of lean meat in the finished side at the earliest age can always command the best market, whether for pork or bacon.



VENUS.
The property of Mr. H. R. Beeton



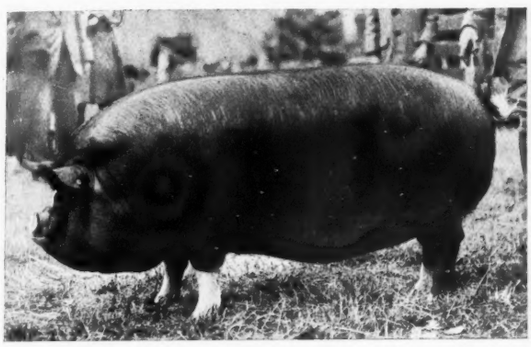
SUDDEN REGENT.
The property of Major J. A. Morrison.



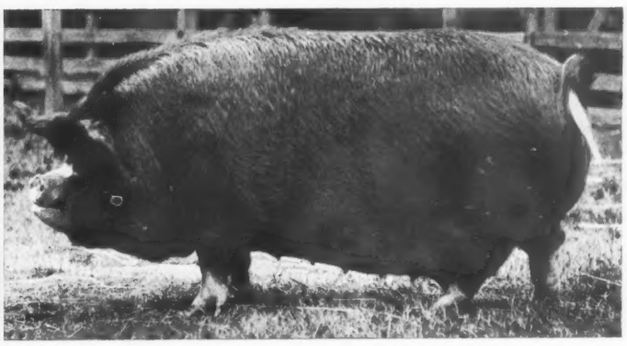
SISTER MEG.
Property of Hon. Louis G. Greville.



BERKSHIRE GILT, BASILDON LYRÆ.
Property of Major J. A. Morrison, D.S.O.



HIGHFIELD MARINA II.



BRAISHFIELD BARONESS.
Both the property of Mr. Frank Townend.

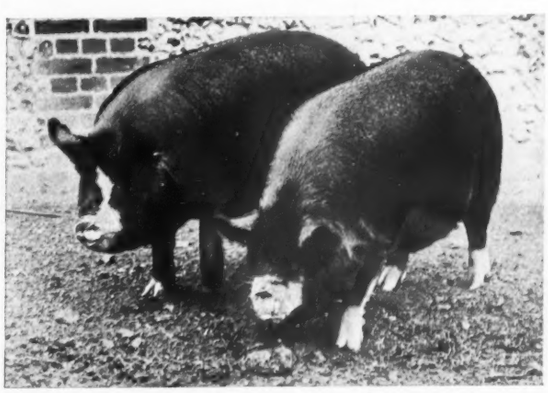


HEALE LUNN I.
Property of Hon. Louis G. Greville.



IWERNE MARJORIE.
Property of Mr. James Ismay.

Also, the greater complexity and precision of coloration, or marking, required by the British Berkshire Society's standard of excellence and enforced by the judges at agricultural shows is a stumbling block to the practical farmer who is out for commercial results and is disposed to believe, in consequence, that the Berkshire is a "fancy" pig. But the exclusion of animals, whether by reason of under-marking or over-marking, is an added guarantee of uninterrupted and therefore established purity of pedigree. Four white feet and a splash of white in the face and the tip of the tail" may appear to be a refinement of externality transcending the requirements of the butcher, but this badge of the breed is, in reality, a certificate of ancestry which is an outward sign of inward quality and an indisputable assurance that its possessor will reproduce its kind without genetic adulteration. It is the most trumpery of fallacies to suppose that colour and marking are fancy points having no relation to utility, and this is the more important to stress because the virtue of a "first cross" depends upon the purity of completely *separate* breeding in the parents.



MAJOR J. A. MORRISON'S BASILDON PRINCESS CHARMING III AND BASILDON PRINCESS CHARMING IV.

The portraits of typical animals which we furnish show the length, depth and width of the frame, the heavy hams, light shoulders, thick bellies and fine bone which are the cynosure of the butcher, but the peculiar distinction and docility which belong to the breed can only be realised by the breeder and feeder on personal acquaintance. With a modicum of intelligence and industry there is no department of agriculture which yields more profitable results than pig farming does, and among the many breeds competing for favour there is none more worthy of adoption than the Berkshire.

THE COTTESMORE HOUNDS



COTTESMORE DOG HOUNDS ON AN OFF DAY.

ALTHOUGH the actual date when the first pack of hounds whose energies were devoted exclusively to the pursuit of the fox was established has never been accurately determined, there can be no question that hounds hunting what is now the Cottesmore country in Leicestershire and Rutlandshire were in active existence from certainly about the middle of the seventeenth century. It is on record that the predecessors of the Cottesmore were hounds which were brought down all the way from Lowther in Westmorland by Lord Lowther, and that the sporting nobleman whose family name bears such an intimate connection with this famous Hunt did perform this pilgrimage for certainly four, probably more, seasons. The dates which are generally accepted as authentic are 1666 to 1670. Sir John Lowther was created a baronet about 1638. He was succeeded by his grandson, also a Sir John Lowther, who was created Baron Lowther and Viscount Lonsdale in 1696. It was this nobleman who brought these hounds down all the way from Westmorland to hunt, as one may presume, the fox or anything else that there was to hunt in the broad pasturelands of the country over which so many of us find it as delightful to ride to-day as probably it was then. The first Lord Lowther and Viscount Lonsdale died in 1700, and was succeeded by his eldest son Richard, who, however, only lived thirteen years to enjoy the title and honours, and was succeeded in turn by his brother Henry, the third viscount. Henry Viscount Lonsdale died in 1750 or 1751, and he it was who sold the hounds, the forerunners of the present Cottesmore, to Mr. Thomas Noel some time about 1732. On the death of the third viscount the peerages became extinct and the baronetcy only survived and devolved upon Sir James Lowther (fifth baronet), the second cousin of Richard the second Viscount and first Earl of Lonsdale, and it was a kinsman of this Sir James Lowther who succeeded Mr. Thomas Noel in the mastership of the hounds then, and thence onward, known as the Cottesmore. The pack remained in the Noel family from 1732 to 1788, when they were re-purchased by Sir William Lowther (created Earl of Lonsdale), who hunted them till 1802 and again in a second period of mastership, 1806–42.

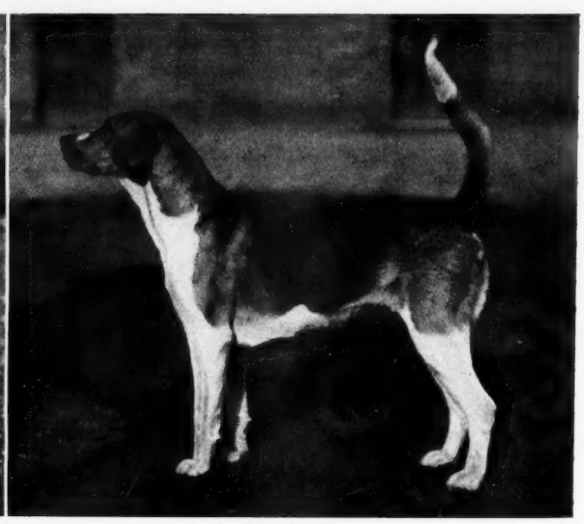
It has been necessary to indulge oneself with this little excursion into the past history of these famous early Masters of the Cottesmore because it is well established that, at any rate from the time of Mr. Thomas Noel onwards, these hounds were foxhounds of the early type from which our present-day galloping Shire hound descends. What exactly was the type of hound which the sporting lords of Lowther brought down with them from Westmorland we do not know and have no absolutely reliable record, but, by the time that Noel got them, the foxhound—more or less as we know him to-day—had undoubtedly been evolved.

The present Earl of Lonsdale, who has been so kind as to read the historical references in this article, tells me that the hounds which were brought down from Westmorland used to be kennelled at Fineshade Hill, close to Kingscliffe (now in the Fitzwilliam country), and also at Stocken Hall; but Lord Lonsdale does not think that they were called the Cottesmore until the time Noel had them, he having bought the pack from Lord Lonsdale's ancestor at that date, Henry, third Viscount Lonsdale; and, although Lord Lonsdale hunted the Cottesmore from Cottesmore Hall, the hall and village belonged to the Earl of Gainsborough.

It is certain that the Cottesmore are, in point of antiquity as a hunting organisation, close up to the historic pack which was once kennelled at the spot where Charing Cross Station now stands and which were hunted by the then Lord Berkeley (eighteenth century), who kept thirty huntsmen in "tawny coats." The name of that pack (the Old Berkeley) and the "tawny coats" still survive in the yellow hunting coats of the Master and hunt servants of our friend Mr. "Teddie"



W. A. Rouch. CORA.

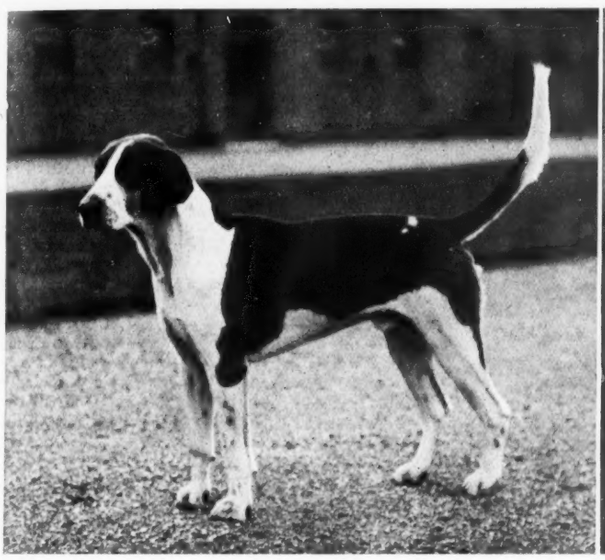


WITCHCRAFT. *Copyright.*

yrwhitt-Drake's establishment, but the hunt staff is hardly plethoric.

In the days of the Lord Berkeley who hunted from the village of Charing Cross," his country extended from Hyde Park Corner to Berkeley Castle, and the beasts of venery most popular were deer, boar and wolves. When the first Master of the Cottesmore came down all the way from Lowther in Westmorland he, in all probability, did not believe in the fox as the only thing worth hunting. As we who make a study of the history of hunting know, it was a somewhat considerable time before the fox came into his kingdom as the best sportsman *par excellence* for a pack of hounds, and a gentleman to have in front of them.

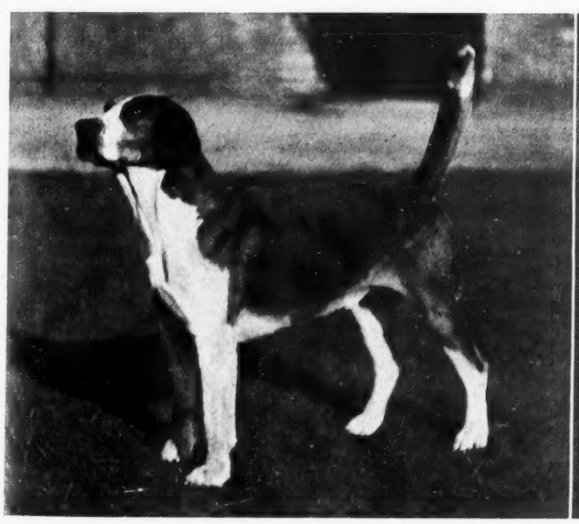
Unfortunately, like the Quorn and even the historic Brocklesbury, who can, I think, lay claim to being the second in seniority to the Old Berkeley, though the Beaufort and



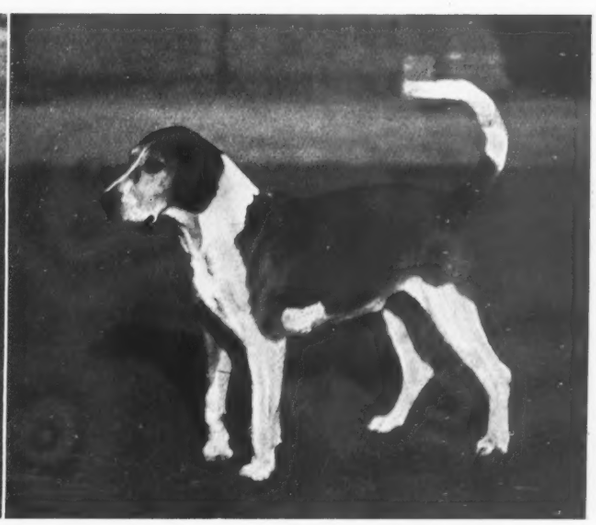
STANDARD.



GALLOPER.



W. A. Rouch. REGULUS.



ROMEO. *Copyright.*

Fitzwilliam lie close up, the Cottesmore have at various periods suffered dispersion. The only pack which has not done so is the Belvoir. The Cottesmore, however, have not been dispersed since 1880, but, on the other hand, have been very considerably added to. But dispersion or no dispersion, the Cottesmore—thanks in a very great measure to the Lowther family (the third, fourth and fifth, present, earls have all been Masters and nobly maintained the high tradition), the famous Sir Richard Sutton, of whom it is recorded that he hunted six days a week throughout his hunting career, the Baird family and Lord Ranksborough—have always been a pack of the highest class of foxhound.

Ranksborough Gorse, by the way, was not named after Lord Ranksborough, as is sometimes popularly supposed, but was planted by Colonel Henry Lowther, grandfather of the present Earl of Lonsdale. Lord Ranksborough bought some fields, part of this area known as Ranksborough (hence the name of the Gorse), but the covert itself had nothing to do with him, excepting when he built his house on this land a few years ago and bought the land surrounding it, which included the Gorse.

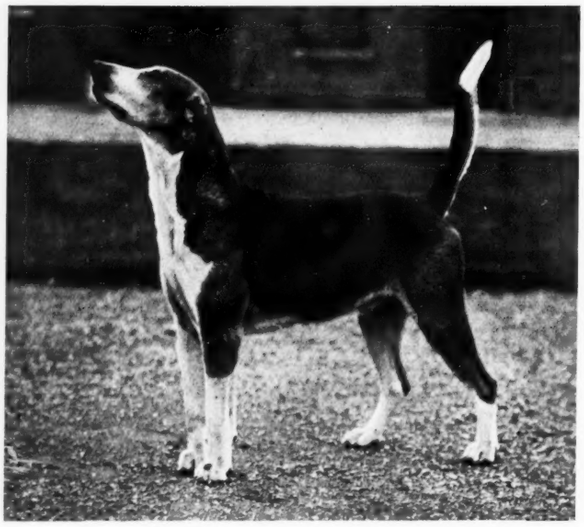
It is a fact that has been frequently placed upon record by writers who have delved into the past histories of famous packs of hounds, and was recently re-enunciated by the present writer in an article on the Belvoir in COUNTRY LIFE, that it was to the Cottesmore that the Belvoir went for their first known change of blood. This was to Mr. Noel's stallion hound Victor, which was used in Lord Granby's (" The Generous Granby's ") kennel. In 1811, also, we find this note in the list of sire hounds on the " Memoirs of the Belvoir Hounds " : " 1811 : My Lord Lonsdale's Millwood and Factor, Osbaldeston's Wonder, Mr. Chaworth's Painter, and Champion, Lord Middleton's Fearnought, Belvoir Twister and Racer. Some hounds were also bought from Mr. Chaworth."

Regarding this outcross, the Belvoir used to cross a great deal with Lord Henry Bentinck's hounds, he having originated them through a very good bitch named Sanguine, which, together with two couples of other hounds, was given to him by William Lord Lonsdale. The greatest change of blood was, however, as the present Lord Lonsdale tells me, when he hunted the woodland side of the Pytchley country with a dog hound named Villager, the Belvoir having a great deal of that blood, as did also Lord Henry Bentinck, though Lord Lonsdale does not think that at that time many of the Cottesmore hounds were used.

The season 1821–22, when the famous kennel huntsman and huntsman to the fifth Duke of Rutland, Goosey, started the Belvoir season with a strong pack of fifty-eight couples of hounds, although it was largely a home-bred pack, there was an infusion of the Lonsdale (Cottesmore) blood, the strain being then famed for size, bone, and the depth and beauty of their tongues.

The Meltonians of that day (that of the first earl) voted the Cottesmore "slow," but they must have been very hard to please, for history pays great tribute to their quality and also to the talent of their huntsman, the melodious George Slack, who, if he had not been huntsman to a crack pack of hounds, might have been a Sims Reeves or even an Enrico Caruso, for his voice has lived after him, as has Tom Firr's.

There is also the further old record of Lord Lonsdale's famous Lasher, which was used in the Belvoir kennels about 1840, a short time before Sir Richard Sutton took over the mastership of the Cottesmore from William Earl of Lonsdale, and Thomas Goosey went to Sir Richard as huntsman. Sir Richard Sutton's Seaman was also used in the Belvoir kennels about the same time; and Lord Lonsdale's Lasher again and other famous Cottesmore sires which have written their names in the history book are Dryden Trojan and some more which it might make too long a story of this article to mention.



BEAUFORT.

Upon the history and changes since Sir Richard Sutton's times space will not permit to dilate, but it must be mentioned, as an interesting link between the past and the present, that Lord Lonsdale in 1876 purchased Lord Kesteven's (Sir John Trollope's) hounds, and that it was this pack to all intents and purposes—or, at any rate, their descendants—which were purchased from Lord Lonsdale in 1880 by Mr. W. C. Gosling and presented to the country. Prior to the purchase of the hounds by Mr. Gosling, the Lowther family had hunted them at their own expense; and when Mr. Gosling bought them they had been lent by Lord Lonsdale first to Lord Carrington with the house at Barleythorpe and the kennels. It was then that Mr. William Baird of Elie, the father of the present Master of the Cottesmore, came forward and offered to hunt the country. Mr. Baird, who was known as not only a very fine man to hounds but as a keen sportsman, had them for twenty seasons—1880 to 1900—and since his day there had been no dispersal of this kennel. Mr. William Baird's keenness and love of hunting have been transmitted to his son, who, as we all know, holds firmly the idea of preserving the traditions of a glorious past. When Mr. James Baird took over the hounds in the 1921–22 season from Lord Lonsdale, the hunt bought twenty-five couples of bitches from the Ledbury, and there is, naturally, a good deal of this stout pack to be seen in the pack to-day.

As to the principal stallion hounds that have been used of recent times, the Cottesmore have not had many of their own. Those used have been the Southwold Deemster, the Fernie Ranter, the Linlithgow and Stirling Chairman, the Eglinton Champion, Romeo by the Fernie Roderick, which is a Belvoir hound going back to Ragman (1900), and, more recently, the Eglinton Champion and Steadfast, the Linlithgow and Stirling Chairman and Clasper, and also their great stud hound Raider—the champion hound of all England (1919–20) and a dog I have seen more or less recently in their kennels at Golfhall—and the Belvoir bred hounds Fernie Viscount, Warbler and Rustic. The Belvoir blood predominates in this kennel, as it does in so many others, and it seems almost unnecessary to advert to it.

Of the hounds seen in the illustrations which adorn this page, Galloper, which I saw on the flags very recently, is a grand type of hound. He is by the Badminton Woodman out of a Cottesmore bitch Garland. Cora, a very stylish little bitch, is in her first season, and is from the Cottesmore Romeo (by Fernie Roderick out of Cottesmore Cowslip, which has a lot of Beaufort blood), and won at the Cottesmore Puppy Show, 1922. Witchcraft, another first season bitch by Fernie Ranter, which is a Belvoir hound, practically speaking, out of Cottesmore Wishful, which is also full of Belvoir blood, was second to Cora, and it must have been difficult to divide them. Regulus (1919) is a good hard-driving hound in the field and very difficult to fault on the flags. He is by Concord (Cottesmore), which is also Belvoir descended, out of (Cottesmore) Redpole by Belvoir Chorister by Belvoir Weaver, and her dam also goes back to a Belvoir hound, Helper. Standard (1922) is a young hound of great fashion and style, and has entered extremely well. He is by the Southwold Standard out of Cottesmore Comfort, which traces back to Belvoir Weaver, and is as good as he looks. Standard is own brother to Sapient, which got the third prize at the Puppy Show in 1923. Ransome (1920), which I saw at the kennels but of which we have no picture, is by the North Warwickshire Lifter out of the North Warwickshire Rancour, which has some of the Belvoir Weaver blood in her pedigree. Ransome is own sister to the North Warwickshire Rally, the champion bitch at Peterborough in 1923, and is related to the North Warwickshire Life-Guard by Lifter, the champion dog hound of 1923. The gallery would hardly be complete without old Romeo (1916), the patriarch of the pack, a pensioner enjoying a well earned old age. He is the sire of Cora and is eight years old. He is full of Belvoir blood, as was his sire, the Fernie Roderick, before him. Romeo got first prize at the 1917 Puppy Show. Mr. Baird has about fifty couples in kennel this season; and though he, like most enthusiasts, is not content and realises that his kennel can be still further improved, there is not much amiss, as the Cottesmore prove when they have the right kind of fox in front of them.

HARBOROUGH.

"WOULD YOU HAVE SUPPOSED?"

By Bernard Darwin.

"WOULD you have supposed," exclaims an enthusiastic American golfing writer, "that any two golfers in the world could spot Hagen and Sarazen five holes in eighteen and still bring them in trailing?" To him I reply: "No, sir. If I rightly apprehend your somewhat cryptic expression, I certainly should not."

Perhaps, for those who do not speak his golfing language, I had better interpret, more especially as he is talking of a very interesting match as to which we have hitherto only had the most jejune account by cable. Mr. Bobby Jones and Mr. Jess Sweetser, the two most formidable American amateurs at this moment, played a four-ball match over thirty-six holes against Hagen and Sarazen, the two best professionals. The former were five down at the end of the first round, and they won the match by one hole.

The match was played on the course of the Winged Foot Club, near New York, and, since the course is still new and rough, "winter rules" were played and "considerable freedom was allowed in lifting from ground under repair, improving lies and the like." It seems, to our conservative eyes, a pity that so fine a match had to be played under such conditions; but, in any case, the account of the two amateurs getting those five holes back and one more also is uncommonly stirring. In the morning, it appears, the amateurs did not win a single hole, and Hagen did most of the damage for the professionals. He was round in 76, Sarazen and Mr. Jones each took 79, and Mr. Sweetser 82. In the afternoon the great Bobby was in a conquering mood. He began with a "birdie" three, and one hole was lopped off. Mr. Sweetser came to the rescue and halved the second, and another "birdie" by Mr. Jones won the third. Sarazen, however, won the fourth, and this stemming of the tide at so apparently crucial a moment might well have been decisive. The professionals were four up again; three halves followed, and they were still four up at the end of the seventh. Then, however, Mr. Sweetser won both the eighth and ninth for his side, and to win two holes running against the better ball of Hagen and Sarazen is a thing that wants doing. That was down to two, and now Mr. Jones chipped in with a two at the short tenth. Down to one, and a four by him at the twelfth squared the match. Three more halved, and he won the sixteenth, and put his side one up. He halved both the last two holes, as steady as a rock, and the victory was won. Mr. Jones clearly bore the brunt of the battle. His score was 73, to the 79 of Sarazen, 80 of Mr. Sweetser and 83 of Hagen; but Mr. Sweetser's two winning holes in the middle of the round, when the outlook was very black, must have been quite invaluable.

I had written so far, without any very certain notion of what I was going to say next, when I had to lay down the pen

would assume the club in a match between Mid-Surrey and Cambridge. And in that match, by an odd chance, there was another instance of "Would you have supposed?" so remarkable as to be worth talking about. For, really, who could or would suppose that a young gentleman who had never seen the Old Deer Park before could be five down to Mr. Willie Murray of all people in the world, and then halve the match? Mr. Murray is not only a highly accomplished player, but he is a cruelly steady one. He goes on and on till his heart-sick adversary wants to lie down and cry. Nevertheless, Mr. Osgood did "spot" him those five holes, and if he did not "bring him in trailing," he squared the match. I was very anxious to see Mr. Osgood play, since he has a considerable reputation at St. Andrews, and, my own game being over, managed to see the end of his. Mr. Murray had three of his holes left with seven to play, and then Mr. Osgood really began. He had a four at the long twelfth, and a three at the thirteenth. Mr. Murray was as blameless as ever, but lost both of them. At the fourteenth Mr. Osgood was trapped off his tee shot and made a crooked third: so he lost that hole, and was two down with four to go. At the fifteenth an odd thing happened. Mr. Murray's ball rolled off the tee just as he hit it, and he was caught in the humps and hollows. He made a splendid recovery with a brassy shot to within five yards or so for his third; but he was a little too gentle with his putt, and Mr. Osgood, down in a perfect four, won the hole. The short sixteenth was faultlessly played by both, the putt for two in each case slipping past the edge of the hole by the tiniest fraction of an inch. At the seventeenth I thought that a piece of apparently bad luck for Mr. Murray was going to win him the hole. He got a bad lie in the middle of the course and, though he played a good shot, could not reach the green; but then, neither could he reach the bunkers that lie in wait on either side of that narrow and formidable plateau. Mr. Osgood had to go for it; he hooked a little, and was left with a horrid pitch from a hanging lie with very little room "to come and go on." He got his five: it was the best he could hope for, and Mr. Murray, just a little too cautious with his run up and his putt, could not quite get his four. Still, he was dormy one, and he played the last hole without any mistake, laying his approach putt practically dead for a four. Mr. Osgood, however, banged in his six-yarder for a three as if it was the easiest thing in the world, and the last of the five holes was gone. I know all about "holes dropping away like snow off a dyke," and, I suppose, one never ought to be surprised at anything. Yet, here was Mr. Murray, playing, as it seemed, perfectly calmly and accurately, and still all those holes did "softly and silently vanish away." It *was* surprising.

OUR EMPORIUM

OUR Emporium must be, I think, unique; indeed, candour compels me to add that, in some respects, I hope it is. For one thing, even the most kind and tolerant of its customers, resolved always to turn the most benevolent eye upon human nature and to make every allowance for human frailties, cannot, in truth, describe it as well kept and clean. Now and then, in a sort of frenzy of despair, the proprietor and his wife do a great swish round with a broom, raising clouds of primordial dust, which is then left to settle undisturbed on the butter, the cheese, the milk, the sweets, or on any exposed and sticky food whatsoever. In another fit of frenzy, he or she may, perhaps, blow on the food in the hope of removing the top layer, but leaving it, in fact, very much where it was.

The eyes of a food inspector would probably fall out of his head with horror, if he were ever to set foot inside our Emporium; but, please the pigs, he never will. And our policeman, whom we share with another village, has the right sort of eye. It does not see what it has no call to see. Indeed, you have to force your misdemeanours on his indulgent optic, and even then he will turn it the other way, if he possibly can. And certain it is, official investigation of our Emporium would not meet with our approval. On the contrary. If we consume all manner of deadly germs with our butter and milk, we flourish on them, and we do not hold with folk being fussy over such matters.

"If you be afeared of a thing, you gets un; if you baint, you doan't," is our philosophy as regards disease.

Neither can our Emporium be described as neat. You never saw such a jumble of goods, hopelessly higgledy-piggledy, in all your life. Nobody knows, least of all the Whites, who own it, where anything is. Whether you want a thimble or a frying-pan; a penn'orth of soda or a kettle; a stamp or a kipper; half a pound of "marge" or a bottle of coffee essence; a bar of chocolate or a bar of soap, a mighty hunt ensues in which all present in the shop take part.

"I seed you put un be'ind they biscuit tins yesterday," somebody suggests.

"No; on top shelf among they pots o' jam, that's where I seed you put un yesterday," comes the correction.

Mrs. White wrinkles her brow in perplexity, then turns wrathfully upon her spouse.

"If only you'd leave things alone, Bill," she says, "us ud find 'em quick enough."

Bill mutters something inaudible.

After prolonged search, the desired and missing thing is usually found. Fortunately, we are seldom in a hurry here, and we rather enjoy prolonging a purchase; it gives us the chance of a chat. In fact, our Emporium is a sort of bureau of general local information, from which radiates news of every description, true and false; but as long as it is exciting, accuracy does not greatly matter. But we are not without caution. For instance, when the gentry come in we acquiesce in their being served first without resentment. Indeed, we prefer that they should be. It pleases them, gets rid of them quickly, and leaves us free to continue our interchange of views and news without their overhearing it. Mr. and Mrs. White themselves seldom give an opinion or open support to the tales we circulate from their establishment, for, being "in business," they have to be careful; customers must not be offended by scandal emanating from them. We quite understand and forgive them, if only because they are so very obliging. You can ring them up any hour of the day or night, Sundays included, and they will serve you. You always have to ring, by the way; our Emporium does not stand "open." Mrs. White has other things to do besides minding the shop. Even their half-day holiday is by no means sacrosanct, though we *do* make real efforts to respect their privacy then.

"But it's a funny thing 'ow you never 'as wot you wants of a Thursday, always summat you can't do without," we remark philosophically, if we have to wend out way thither on that afternoon.

They also have the striking virtue of being very good-natured in the matter of payment—"any time convenient," they will say, if you can't always pay on the nail: and you'd put up with a lot for that.

But with their good-nature goes an infinite capacity for forgetting. You may place a weekly order with them and extract a sworn promise to deliver the goods at your door, but it does not by any means follow that you will get them.

Mrs. White apologises and taps her forehead significantly; Mr. White flushes and generously takes the blame. Disarmed, your frowns turn to smiles, and you go away hoping for better luck next time, but knowing in your heart that your optimism will not be justified.

We have no newspaper shop, but our Emporium stocks a selection of papers on Sundays, that is, if the boy has not sold out before he reaches us. This happens not infrequently, for Mr. White is so essentially good-humoured and far-removed from wrath, that he simply cannot terrorise anybody, least of all a cheeky urchin. Consequently, whether we get our *Hot Stuff*, which, in his opinion, does just as well as the *Sabbath Companion*, though you may have expressed an absurd preference for the latter, depends on whether the aforesaid urchin has or has not been waylaid by other purchasers. But it is a proud moment for Mr. White when he *can* hand you over a paper, be it the one of your choice or not.

In addition to being our General Provider, he is also postmaster and postman, and deals with our correspondence in the same friendly, haphazard spirit with which he deals with our purchases. A stray letter may be handed to you, with blushing apologies, in the course of the day, which should have been delivered first thing in the morning, but it would be ungracious and curmudgeonly to make sharp comment. Mr. White is so obviously "a good man struggling with adversity," or, at any rate, with a great deal more than any one man could hope to cope with successfully. Have I said that he is organist, farmer, barber, and sort of publican, too? We say among ourselves that he tries to do too much; that if he worked less hard, though he made less money, his life would be more worth living; and that, speaking for ourselves, we should like a bit of a rest sometimes, but concede that it would not do if we were all alike. That closes the discussion for the time being, as it does most of our debates. It is a safe remark to make, since it hardly admits of argument.

There is one quality Mr. White has to a superlative degree, a quality not over-common these days; he really *wants* to please you. For instance, if his stock-in-trade is not equal to your requirements, he will undertake to get whatever you wish when next he goes to market. An aeroplane or a mouse trap—it is all one to him. When, however, after a lapse of some weeks, you tentatively make tactful enquiries, he will look sheepish and unhappy and confess that the matter slipped his memory just when he got to the shop, albeit it was firmly anchored there up to the psychological moment. But it shall not be forgotten again; it shall go down on his list. But, apparently, it never goes any further.

HELEN HAMILTON.

WINTERING IN SOUTH AFRICA



TABLE MOUNTAIN KEEPS GUARD: CAPETOWN FROM THE BAY.

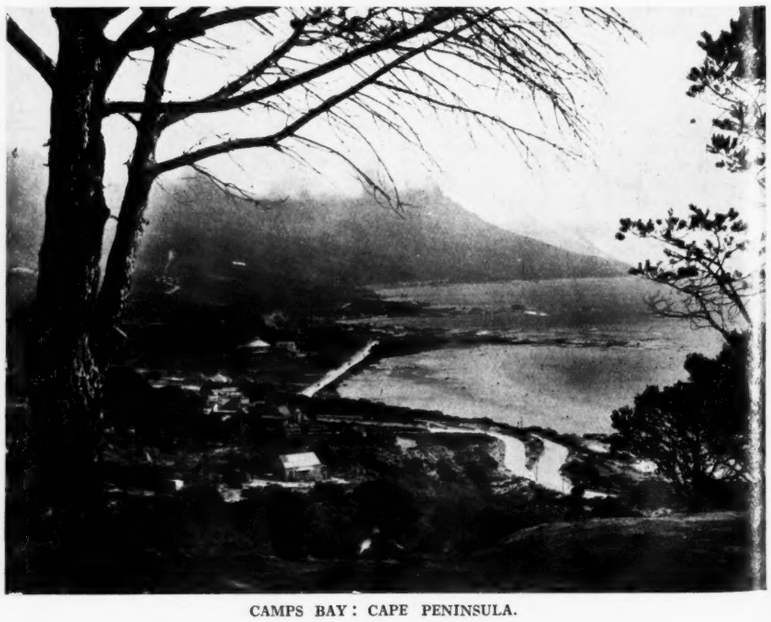
IN spite of the diatribes of the more virulent exponents of patriotism, while we continue to suffer from a winter climate which year after year seems to grow more intolerable, those of us with sufficient money and leisure to make it possible will continue to seek sunshine and warmth in other countries. This yearly pilgrimage, however, is not only excusable—it is inevitable and right: travel is a pastime to be encouraged for the qualities it breeds, and in the winter months it keeps both the mind and the body vigorous. But it is extraordinary how few of the migratory thousands with unrestricted time at their disposal show any originality in their choice of winter quarters, or realise—when they are struggling with unsympathetic foreign porters and customs officials, strange languages and hopelessly unstable and mysterious rates of exchange—that within easy and comfortable reach of our cold and clammy shores and within our own Empire, they can find the most exquisite and equable summer weather amongst people of their own race, speaking their own language and thinking their own thoughts; and in a country offering them primitive Nature at her most generous and best, plus Progress in her sanest and cleanest form.

Why more people do not winter in South Africa is always a mystery to those who have been there. No country has ever thrilled more untravelled millions at second hand, through the writings of its few vivid novelists and many explorers, amateur and otherwise, or stirred from a distance the imagination of those doomed by circumstances to endless British winters of work and rain and fog. The immense dry golden distances of the Veld, empty and motionless under the burning noonday sun, the silence of the Bush, the breathless extravagance of the sub-tropical coastal regions, the perfumed still nights under the big white lamp-like stars of the Southern Cross . . . . . The thought of these has set countless pulses beating, and countless hearts longing for the colour, the immensity and freedom that they symbolise. It makes one cross that those with opportunities should pass them by and jog thoughtlessly on in the beaten tracks of fashion—those unimaginative tracks that lead always in the same direction, always to the same old place—somewhere along the Riviera or possibly on the Mediterranean fringe of Egypt and Algeria, seeing always the same scenery, seeing always the same people, leading a life as like the fashionable and expensive life of the great cities, London and Paris, as possible.

By way of contrast, winter in South Africa is a wonderful experience. Sixteen days by pleasant and luxurious ocean travel, and the sunshine, the cloudless blue, the warmth and colour and bustle and splendour of the Cape are no longer hearsay. The traveller is in the land of the future, and a land of flowers. Nowhere in the world—not even in Switzerland in its brief but reckless flower time—are flowers scattered with such vivid prodigality as in the stretch of warm and lovely country which lies in and about Capetown. The bay in front of Capetown lies as blue as a pacific lagoon, in the background, so close that its shadows creep into the city, Table Mountain keeps guard, and for twenty miles along the foothills stretch the famous flower-filled suburbs of this most stately, provocative and contradictory of modern cities.

The chief wonder of South Africa is its infinite variety. It obligingly provides about a score of different types and degrees of country, climate, sport and interest—to suit all human tastes, and possibly a few not quite so human!—and no two towns or states or districts in it are even remotely alike. The Cape with its exquisite climate (the seasons, of course you remember, are the reverse of ours) is as civilised as anything in Europe, but without a single touch of artificiality. It is heavily and gorgeously productive, and its wonderful shores—golden bay after golden bay, sheer headland after sheer headland, for hundreds of miles—make an ever-changing paradise of changeless summer. There is, of course, no bathing in the world to compare with the surf-bathing in South Africa, whether at the unspoiled sandy bays near Capetown, the semi-tropical, supremely fashionable beaches of Durban, or the many exquisite lesser known littorals which are to be found along the sea-board of Cape Province from the Transkei past East London to Capetown.

Natal, on the other hand, with Durban as its central attraction, is beautiful with the almost rankly beautiful abundance of the sub-tropics; and, making a back-bone to South Africa—extending for six hundred miles north and south, rising from



CAMPS BAY: CAPE PENINSULA.

the flaming arid splendour of the High Veld and the Great Karoo—is the Drakensberg, an Alp-land fully as wonderful as the Swiss Alps but with far lovelier climatic conditions, and something about it different — so very different — from any mountain country one has ever seen before.

Then there is Rhodesia and the Zambesi . . . . . the Zambesi meaning the Victoria Falls. The writer is not going to attempt any description of the Victoria Falls — it is one of the indescribable wonders of nature, its immensity comparable only with the unbelievable Grand Cañon of Colorado; but just to see it, to spend five minutes watching it from the middle of the glittering rainbow-shrouded Rain Forest, to drift before and after idly from island to island on the deep, clear, cool mysterious Zambesi river above it, is worth more than the whole voyage to South Africa, and the long train journey from the Cape to Rhodesia, and back again.

Travelling in South Africa, by the way—to turn to more mundane matters—is fully as comfortable as travelling in Europe, and only a fraction of the cost. Fares are *most* reasonable, and the sleeping arrangements and accommodation (for which a ridiculously small charge is made) are as excellent as are the meals which are supplied at what seems to one accustomed to British train-fare an impossibly moderate cost.

Reminiscent of much that is buried in the hearts of the older generation of this country are the names of many of the towns and stations passed on the way to and from the bigger show-places of prominent interest, and of some of the remoter places wandered through when the railways and the beaten track are left behind . . . Mafeking, Pretoria, Ladysmith, Bloemfontein; the Tugela River, over which Botha and Buller fought while White was sorely besieged in Ladysmith; Pietermaritzburg, round which lie battlefields on which were settled some of the most fateful issues of that tragic war of their heyday and our youth. Beyond its timbered slopes, and northward from its pleasant hills and valleys lie Fugitives' Drift, Rorke's Drift and Isandhlwana; Frere, Chieveley, Talana, and Estcourt; Cæsar's Camp, Wagon Hill, the cairn where the Devons charged, Spion Kop and Majuba.

For those to whom scenery and sight-seeing are not everything, nor sport or pleasure the chief ends of man—on whom the past has left its mark; who can thrill over history in the making, and dream over the ground on which a people and a country were made—to such as these this part of the country, and the little self-contained and self-containing Orange Free State, are the most interesting parts of South Africa. Their people are a different people from the other people, their land, sombre and harsh in parts, has a fascination indescribable but strong, and it is every foot of it saturated with the story, and symbolic of the struggle, which made the present Union of South Africa the prosperous, progressive and united state that it is to-day.

Wonderful South Africa—which fastens its claw deep into the hearts of all who have ever, even for a short time, made it their home, and drags them back again and again to be rejuvenated and refreshed by the sunniness and strength characteristic of it and its people.



WEST STREET, DURBAN.



A SOUTH AFRICAN FARM.



A MOUNTAIN ROAD.

CORRESPONDENCE

A BLUE BED.

To the Editor.

SIR,—I notice in your announcement of the publication of "The Dictionary of English Furniture," by Percy Macquoid and Ralph Edwards, that there is a coloured plate of the "Bed upholstered in blue damask of a type designed by Daniel Marot. C. 1695," which I remember to have been much interested in when it appeared some time ago in COUNTRY LIFE. Was blue used for furniture covering and upholstery during the period of Louis XIV in France, or the corresponding years in England? I have always had an idea it was not, although I have no data with me at the time, nor do I remember seeing blue damasks made in Italy or Spain until the eighteenth century. It would be interesting to know when blue made its appearance in upholstery, and I shall hope to hear from some of your correspondents.—HERBERT BROWNE.

[The above letter was forwarded to Mr. H. Avray Tipping, the writer of the original article on the Hampton Court, Leominster furniture, who replies as follows: "As regards the early use of blue fabrics for hangings and upholstery, even in monastic times a prior of Durham had a 'blewe bedde.' In Italy woven silk materials—velvets, damasks and brocades—were certainly dyed blue as well as red, green and yellow, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. That such were not confined to clothing can be ascertained at the Victoria and Albert Museum, where, for instance, there is exhibited what remains of a set of bed draperies, viz., the coverlet and valances, of late seventeenth century Venetian origin. The material is a rich blue watered silk, with appliqué designs in straw-coloured ribbon. Blue French damasks also occur about 1700, which is the date of the blue bed at Hampton Court, Leominster. But I do not think blue was then a favourite furnishing colour, except as the ground for woven, embroidered or needlework patterns, and this bed is the only one I know in England of this date and colour."—ED.]

THE FARMER AND THE LOAF.

To the Editor.

SIR,—I was much interested in the article, "The Farmer and the Loaf," published on November 10th, and as I have had considerable experience at the loaf end of the story, I thought perhaps you might like to know something of it. It might be as well to explain briefly how my experience was gained, as successful practice justifies the serious consideration of the theory inspiring it. Interest in bread led me to experiment. The experiments aroused the interest of friends, who became regular consumers of the product; through their recommendations the subsequent demand converted the experimental stage into a serious work, which became very considerable during the war and continually augmented, until the Government transport regulations stopped the whole thing. Three kinds of bread were made—ordinary white, wholemeal and Old English. The first was made from millers' ordinary white flour. The second was made from local wheat ground into meal on stones; this made a fine flavoured wholemeal bread. The Old English bread is the one about which I wish particularly to write you. This was also made from wheat grown in the neighbourhood, 800ft. up on the Cotswold Hills. The grain was bought and stored in the granary of the bakery until required; it was then sent to a small miller (whose water-mill, by the bye, is on the oldest mill site in the country), and he made the wheat into sharps, bran and the Old English flour, by means of an old-fashioned bolting cloth. This flour made the most delicious bread imaginable and was becoming more and more popular until the war regulations made its manufacture impossible. Consumers of the ordinary white bread took to it eagerly because of its wonderful flavour. On the financial side, it paid better to buy the wheat from the farmer, and have it ground at the mill four miles away, than to buy the ordinary millers' flour. I can see no economic difficulty in the way of the farmer growing the best milling wheat, grinding it on the farm, having a bakery department, and supplying the surrounding towns with bread. Wholemeal for brown breads, and the flour for Old English bread, can be made by a very inexpensive milling and dressing plant, manufactured in this country. There is no need to imitate the white loaf; the Old English loaf can be sold on the strength of its own character, and is quite capable of winning its way to high esteem. The plan is quite economically and nationally sound. I have tried part of it under a great number of difficulties and was successful even then.—W. SUDBURY PROTHEROE.

A WORD FOR THE YOUNG FARMER.

To the Editor.

SIR,—From the nature of many of the contributions appearing in your pages it is evident that you are out to help the British farmer in all possible ways. The question of cropping the land to the best advantage—the many appeals to consider pigs seriously as money-makers—the possibility of rabbits sharing a similar fate—all seem rightly to deserve more attention. Now, if I may, I should like to put in a word for those young men who started farming since the war, and who have done much hard work during one long slump in prices. Many of them are temporarily out of work—for even long-established farmers are finding these times of trade depression difficult. I myself know of two such cases. Both are educated young men who have acquired an excellent training in practical farm work, have used muscles and brains, and farmed better than many more experienced farmers, and yet have simply been beaten by the capital depreciation of their stock. Some of these men are not necessarily dependent on farm labouring to earn their livelihood; they know they are worth more than 25s. a week. It seems to me that agriculture will lose if they turn to (in many cases resume) industrial and professional work. During recent years quite a few city business men and town manufacturers, with the help of a farm bailiff, have applied their business ability to farming. Thereby they are helping the farmer to explore new methods and at the same time enjoying an interesting and healthy counter-attraction to the bustle of town life. Might I suggest to those who feel attracted to try a little farming—in spite of the grievous laments which reach us from many engaged on the land—to give such men as I refer to an opportunity of retaining the type of work they have chosen and of proving their worth.—K. H. GREEN.

"JOHN MARTIN, PAINTER."

To the Editor.

SIR,—A notice of my recent book on John Martin in your "Country Notes" has just been brought to my notice, in which I find the statement that "beauty of form, design or draughtsmanship Martin did not show." I wonder if the writer has ever seen any of Martin's pictures, not only the great ones, but his small drawings for illustration, especially those for "Paradise Lost," or his landscapes, two of which are hidden in the Victoria and Albert Museum. I think a study of these might convince him that such criticism is not justified. I am told that Martin's drawing is particularly beautiful, and the art critics of his time praised the beauty of his landscapes in no measured terms. I fail to see why those critics, in an age that produced some of our greatest painters, should be presumed entirely ignorant of art by the art critics of our own day, and it should be remembered that it was not only the vulgar crowd that admired Martin, but men of culture in every part of the world. Even when they did not like his subjects, they admired his art.—MARY L. PENDERED.

MYSTERIOUS SHOT PELLETS.

To the Editor.

SIR,—The series of iron shot from a pheasant's breast, alluded to and so well shown in the illustration in your issue for December 1st, are of much interest, and Mr. Max Baker's suggestion that a catapult might have been the weapon used is probably the correct solution. A well home-made catapult is no toy, but a very powerful propelling instrument, especially when the larger shot are used. A single pellet of any size from A.A. (40 pellets to the oz.) to S.S.G. (15 to the oz.), is deadly enough to bring down a pheasant at close range. The best results are obtained by using three pellets of the smaller sizes, say from No. 1 to B.B., and one pellet of the larger shot. As an instance of the power and penetration of a single large pellet, I may mention that I have dropped a lapwing dead (obtained for a special scientific purpose) at 40yds. while flying; the shot penetrated the breast below the wing. A roosting pheasant a few feet above a poacher's head would offer a very easy target and a fatal shot with a well fashioned catapult using a single large pellet.—F. W. FROHAWK.

OPEN AIR PIGS.

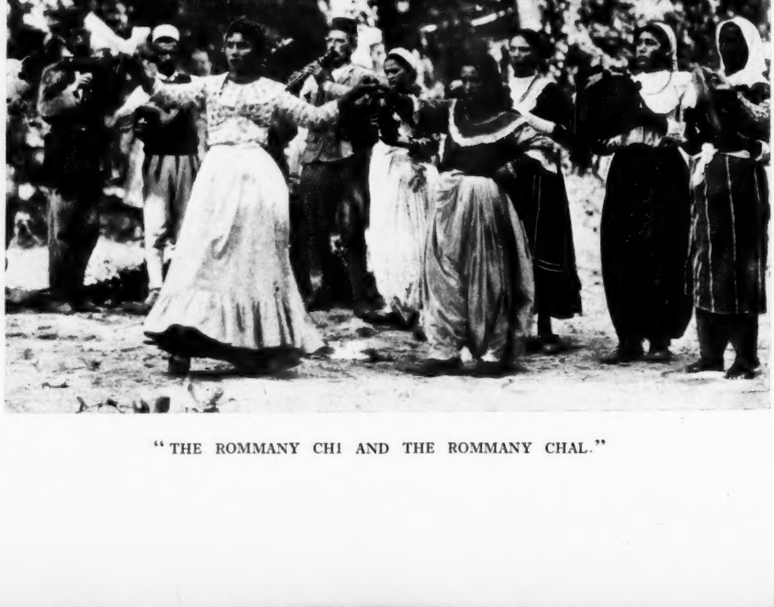
To the Editor.

SIR,—As showing the popularity of open-air bred pigs, I would like to point out that 33 per cent. of the entries of Middle White pigs at the recent National Pig Breeders' Association Show and Sale at Birmingham, as shown by the particulars of pedigree printed in the catalogue, were descended from pigs bearing the prefix of the Albany herd of pedigree Middle Whites of S. F. Edge's Pig Farms, Limited.—S. F. EDGE.

ALBANIAN GIPSIES.

To the Editor.

SIR,—I hope you may care to publish this photograph, which strikes me as rather a picturesque one. It shows a gipsy dance in Albania, and I took it at Elbasair. There is, you will observe, quite a considerable orchestra.—V. L.



"THE ROMMANY CHI AND THE ROMMANY CHAL."



IN THE CEVENNES.

THE OLD TRANSPORT AND THE NEW.

To the Editor.

Sir,—I am sending you a snapshot taken in the Cevennes, which, I hope, may be of some interest to your readers. It illustrates the triumph of an ancient method of transport over a more modern one—I say *more* modern because the car was a 1902 model, hired to take the writer over the Col de Mondmirat, a duty in which it failed conspicuously. The moral is, when touring in the Cevennes, take your own car, unless you are prepared to sit by the wayside and endure being passed by the slowest of all beasts of burden, amid the taunts of their extremely youthful charioteers. —F. M. Champion.

SEAGULLS.

To the Editor.

Sir,—The black-headed gulls have returned to the coast again. They had hardly gained their summer head-gear when they betook themselves to their inland nesting place, and left the herring gulls in sole possession of the port and cliffs adjoining the Kentish coast town where I live. It seems strange that the black-heads, that are really the wilder birds of the two species (I have never seen them alight on the quay or roofs as the more urbane herring gulls do), should go to some easily reached mere or marshland for their breeding purpose; but in some favoured place many thousands gather for the summer, searching the fields for food for several miles around, diligently following the plough in company with land birds. This partial migration is a comparatively new phase. It was the severe winter of 1895 that drove them up the Thames seeking for food, until they reached London, where they received such a welcome on the bridges that they have extended their flights thence in winter ever since; but there has been a general tendency to go inland on the part of this species on all coasts latterly. But the herring gulls haunt the town the year through, nesting on the ledges in the chalk cliffs above the houses on the farther side of the parade; restless birds, keeping up their noisy clamour throughout the long winter nights as well as at springtime. They often stand, head to wind, along the beach in daytime, looking like foam-flecks left by the tide upon the pebbles. Their cry, as they float past the windows, is of the open sea and wild places: that is their charm. I am glad they, at least, stay with us.—Mary Carter.

A RABBIT-PROOF PLANT.

To the Editor.

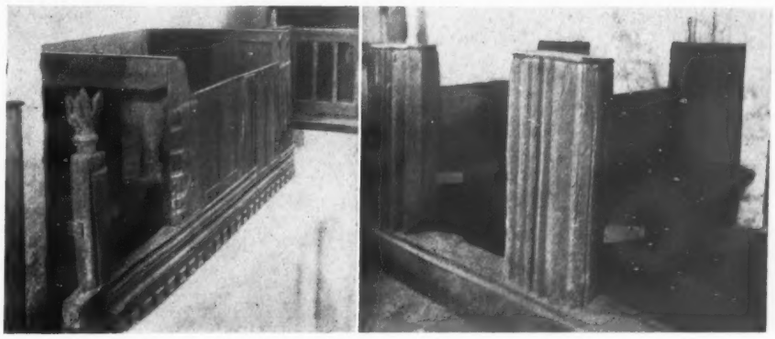
Sir,—One occasionally sees lists of plants said to be immune from rabbits, but in them I have never yet come across the name of what I consider a delightful evergreen shrub, usually known as Diplopappus chrysophyllus, though it has two other names, viz., Cassinia chrysophyllus and Aster chrysophyllus; under the latter it is just mentioned in Robinson's "Flower Garden." Its beautiful golden tinted minute foliage brightens up the place wherever it is placed, whether outside (as it is perfectly hardy) or in a conservatory or indoors. The ones I grow have white clusters of tiny flowers, but there are also violet and blue varieties. Although, oddly enough, in spite of a very agreeable smell not unlike honey, they do not seem very attractive to insects. Later on, the flowers turn to a fluffy down, which hangs on until winter winds have blown most of it off. In some places it seeds itself, but I find that every small shoot will strike in sandy soil in a cool frame in summer or autumn. I discovered half a dozen old plants in pots, discarded by the gardener and left in a *cul de sac* where fuchsias, pelargoniums and other plants are left on their sides to dry off; these plants were described as "too leggy" to look nice any longer, so, instead of finding a position for them in the garden, I took them to quite a different sort of place as an experiment, about a mile away, where the soil is little but pure sand, in heather and fir land. There I selected places where I thought their roots would be protected from the heat of the sun, in the afternoon and evening, by the formation of the ground. There was no wire netting or other protection from the rabbits for them at any time, and yet none of them was injured by these pests, which abound there. The lankiness soon disappeared, and now they are large masses of golden twigs, and two years ago one of them had the honour of a thrush making her nest in it and bringing up all her brood successfully. The bushes must be 4½ft. to 5ft. high, with quite thick stems now. The very smallest slip taken off in the summer months and put into sandy soil in a cool frame will grow, so it is very easy to propagate. They have no thorns, which is also a great advantage. I feel that I should like to have a large bit planted with them alone, as nothing in the caterpillar way seems to eat it, and pheasants do not object to taking shelter under them; but they, of course, provide the pheasant with no food of any description.—Edward King.

A NORMAN CHAPEL IN SHROPSHIRE.

To the Editor.

Sir,—The accompanying photographs show the little chapel of Heath, which stands in a conspicuous and isolated position on the slopes of the Clee Hill, near Ludlow, Salop—a district abounding in buildings of archæological interest, as well as delightful scenery. The chapel is a perfect example of a small Norman building—apparently of a quite early date, judging by the buttresses at the east and west ends. The south door, the only one the chapel possesses, has a sculptured Norman arch, and the interior consists of nave and chancel, separated by a simple round arch. The bell hangs inside the western gable, as there is neither tower nor belfry. The buttresses at both ends are pierced by very small windows of lancet shape. The construction of the pews is curious, and they were evidently not designed for comfort. The font at the west end is plain Norman and the whole of the building, which is still used for divine service, does not appear to have suffered from violent over-restoration. —W. A. Call.





HEATH CHAPEL AND ITS PEWS.

CHIMNEYPIECES AT ADMIRALTY HOUSE.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Lord Hylton has furnished us with further details about the Admiralty chimneypieces. He would also know of another fine specimen which came from Uxbridge House, the residence of the Marquess of Anglesey, an ancestor of Lord Hylton. When the Bank of England purchased the property for their Western Branch, it was removed to the City, and can be seen in one of the bank parlours, by the kind permission of Mr. Norman, the Governor.—Thos. Fisher.

BIRD PASSENGERS.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Migrating birds often rest a short time on ships before continuing their cross-sea flights, and some of the small, short-winged varieties will even accompany a steamer for two or three days. When the City of Paris, on which I am a passenger, was about a thousand miles short of Port Said, and well out in the middle of the Mediterranean, several small birds visited the ship, taking short flights every few minutes and then coming back to perch on the steel ropes carrying the awnings. Two of these, which I could not identify with certainty, but think were redstarts, stayed two days, and, therefore, travelled east with us some 700 miles. Although they were constantly perching somewhere on the ship, they concealed themselves so well that I was unable to find and identify them. We had been having hot weather and all the awnings were up, so that it is very difficult to find a small, inconspicuous-looking bird. A pied wagtail stayed with us nearly a whole day, and once perched close to me. Once I saw three thrushes fly low over the ship, but they did not perch. They were making towards the African coast. Another time a swallow circled round several times, but did not settle, and soon went off again. The weather was hot and very calm, the Mediterranean being as smooth as a lake; none of the birds evinced the slightest distress, and I should imagine that the migrating hosts could not have possibly had better conditions for their long journeys.—Fleur-de-Lys.

NEW THOROUGHBRED SIRES for 1924

TWO IMPORTANT SALES FOR ABROAD.

IN glancing through the stallions advertised in "The Racing Calendar" for service in 1924, I came across the names of at least two that will not be available. It is reported that Royal Canopy has been sold to an American breeder, and that Tamar is going to Hungary, having been purchased by a commission of experts from that country. They came over charged with the business of buying a high-class stallion within certain financial limits, and, after visits here and there, the choice rested on the four year old son of Tracery and Hamoaze. They saw him at the Littleton and Headbourne Worthy studs, close to Winchester, where also are those more famous horses, Buchan and Craig an Eran, also bred by Lord Astor. Those studs were really founded not so long ago by Mr. Gerald Deane, so well known as a partner in the firm of Tattersalls, and the manager of Lord Astor's bloodstock.

The sale of Tamar is quite interesting, for we may be sure that he has not been exactly given away, although Lord Astor could well afford to dispense with this horse seeing that Buchan and Saltash are out of the same mare. The fact of the sale having taken place is an indication of how foreign countries simply must come to us for the cream of blood stock with which their own lines can be reinvigorated. It is an indication, too, that Hungary must be recovering, because a year or two ago there was no breeder or syndicate of breeders capable of giving as much as was accepted for Tamar. This horse, it may be recalled, was second in the Derby of 1922 to Captain Cuttle, and was a very short-priced favourite subsequently for the Eclipse Stakes, for which, however, he was beaten a head after a great race by the Gold Cup winner, Golden Myth. Thus, although prominent in such high class company, the three year old had failed to win a race up to that time. He did not, indeed, win until the Goodwood meeting came along, and there he was twice successful, though he may not have had much to beat. Yet he showed that he was improving enormously, and for the first time, especially as Captain Cuttle dropped out, his trainer began to believe in him most seriously as likely to win the St. Leger. But then, Lord Astor has been awfully unlucky in that race, as in the Derby, and just when the colt was progressing finely he went wrong and had to be withdrawn. That was the end of Tamar's racing career. Of good class you would call it and yet disappointing, because no luck came his way. He is bred right. Of that there is no possible doubt, and my firm impression is that the Hungarians have chosen wisely and well and with much shrewdness.

Royal Canopy has charmed an American breeder, and this hefty and quite successful young sire, by Roi Herode from Cream o' the Sky, will have no further chance on this side of the Atlantic of producing one as good as Purple Shade was last season. He is, of course, leaving some of his stock here, and as they had come to attract much attention through the deeds of Purple Shade, it is tolerably certain that we shall have his name cropping up for some time to come. The Americans have taken a liking to grey horses, encouraged to do so, no doubt, by the many successes of grey horses in this country since Roi Herode made so big a mark at the stud by siring the great Tetrarch and other notable greys. Only a little while ago Mr. Joseph Widener, a greatly respected breeder and supporter of racing in America, purchased Stefan the Great, by The Tetrarch from Perfect Peach. That horse left some extremely good-looking young stock behind here, but they have still to be tested on the racecourse. Mr. Widener is said to be well satisfied with his purchase, and now, as I have stated, they have acquired Royal Canopy. This horse never saw a racecourse. His trainer, Mr. Persse, subjected him to an astonishingly high trial and then he met with an accident. Every attempt was made to make him sound again, but there was always the risk that he might not stand training and, therefore, he went to the stud where he and The Tetrarch were foaled. His trainer thought so much of him that he became his half owner in partnership with Mr. E. Kennedy, and now, when a tempting offer has come along, they have parted with him. They are good business men who will at once search for one as good or better. Mr. Kennedy, however, is rather depressed by the outlook of things in Ireland consequent on the ravages of taxation, and he talks of disposing of his stud altogether. I hope he will not go so far as that. Breeders generally are under an obligation to him, for he did a big thing when he established Roi Herode in Ireland. That grey horse has had a far-reaching influence on breeding throughout the world.

My intention this week was to follow up some observations on the leading two year olds of 1923, but they will keep. While on the subject of sires it might be more appropriate if I glanced at some of those which take their places at the stud for the first time next season. The season, of course, nominally opens on the first of the New Year. The ultra-fashionable sires are no doubt full up, and this may certainly be so of The Tetrarch, Tracery, Swynford, Hurry On, Son-in-Law and Buchan. Sunstar could also be described as having his subscription full, though not with public mares, as his owner let it be known some time ago that he intended to reserve him for the use of his own stud. The Tetrarch is the most expensive sire at the stud to-day at 500 guineas, and on the condition of no foal no fee he would, indeed, be a fine investment. Papyrus, by the way, will go to the stud when the time comes under that most fair condition. Under ordinary conditions breeders are justified in doubting in these times whether 400 guineas is a fair charge. It is a big price to pay, but then is not everything connected with the thoroughbred, right from the very outset, something of a gamble? It is only a question of degree in its various stages.

Gay Crusader, Buchan, Grand Parade, Hurry On, Lemberg and Pommern are each advertised at 400 guineas a mare. Gay Crusader and Pommern rank as New Derby winners, and the former was a brilliant racehorse so far as could be judged under war-time conditions. He showed signs through his progeny at the end of last season of just beginning to make good. In that connection one inevitably thinks of his famous sire, Bayardo, whose career was almost on identical lines. They were both most distinguished racehorses, and, at the stud, Bayardo died far too soon. Lemberg is getting on in years, for he is only a few days off being seventeen years of age. Grand Parade is a Derby winner, and has made a very fair start at the stud, but I do not gather that his list is full for 1924 at 400 guineas. Hurry On, of course, has very firmly established himself as a sire. Captain Cuttle, which commands a 300-guinea fee, now that he is at the stud, is a fine advertisement for Hurry On, and if there are more applications for a horse at 400 guineas than the owner can accept, who can blame him for not putting the fee lower? No doubt Buchan's stock will do well, if only because he has been given a grand lot of mares, and we have seen some exceptionally good-looking youngsters by him fetch big sums. The fact remains, however, that he has still to be proved, which makes one think that 400 guineas is a big fee for an untried sire that as a racehorse did not gain classic honours, though he came so near to doing so.

Now, as to newcomers to the stud, we must note first of all Captain Cuttle, the size of whose fee I have just referred to. Moreover, at that figure his list is full, so that owners have not shied on that account. It will be most interesting to follow his career at the stud. No one can deny that he is a grand individual, and if such a horse cannot impart size, substance, and character to his stock then, indeed, breeding will be even more of a big baffling problem than it is to-day. He was a very brilliant horse on that day he won the Derby, but Fred Darling could not properly train the big fellow ever again. I suppose he is still another case of a horse being "crocked" up on that very imperfect course. The fact that the Derby has been run on it for well over a century and that the greatest horses in history have won there will never alter my opinion that it is a crazy sort of racecourse. Naturally, many will join issue with me there, and especially those who always fall back on the old tag that the really good horse will win anywhere and on any sort of going. But the thoroughbred is more of a delicate machine in these times, and races are run very differently, for in the old days they merely hack cantered and only raced towards the end.

Harking back to the subject of the sires, especially those newcomers to the stud that may be so intriguing breeders at the present time, one notes that Blandford has taken up his quarters at the Cloghran Stud in County Dublin at a fee of 149 sovs. He was only once narrowly beaten, and the claim is made for this son of Swynford and Blanche that he was the best three year old of 1922. That, of course, is a debatable point, and the friends of Captain Cuttle might be expected to join issue. However, we may take it that he was a very good horse, but it is a pity that his breeder and trainer, Mr. R. C. Dawson, could not train him as a four year old. Bucks Hussar was raced, and raced, and raced, so to say. When he was not racing he was doing long gallops, and the wonder is how he stood

t for so long. But the time did come—in the race for the Goodwood Cup—when a joint went " phut " and that was the end of Bucks Hussar on a racecourse. I expect he will develop into a massive horse at the stud because he ever had great size and scope. For a winner of the Jockey Club Cup and the Alexandra Stakes at Ascot 9 guineas does not read as an excessive fee.

Chivalrous, two years running, won the Chester Cup, and is claiming a 98 sov. fee at a stud which appears to be the property of the trainer, Mr. H. L. Cottrill. The horse had a rare love of the weird course at Chester, and it was that fact, rather than the lack of facility of Happy Man to go round turns, that enabled him to win, though only receiving 3lb. from the horse that later won the Ascot Gold Cup. By Amadis out of Courtesy, by Isinglass, he is bred right, and he certainly was a very genuine stayer. Monarch is a Tracery horse of undoubted quality that was right in the top class in his early days on the racecourse. For him a fee of 48 sovs. is being asked, though he may have been disposed of at the big sales which have been taking place at Newmarket this week. Both Diligence and Royal Lancer, bred at the National Stud and raced in the name of Lord Lonsdale, are now at the stud and about to commence their duties. Diligence has returned to the National Stud, where I have not the slightest doubt he will do well. For he was a grand individual when in training, and his trainer declares that he would have been the best horse in the country had he not gone wrong just on the eve of the Ascot Gold Cup. I should regard him as very cheap at 48 sovs. Royal Lancer is by Spearmint and has gone to Lord Lonsdale's own place at Barley Thorpe, Oakham. After all, he is a St. Leger winner, though not, perhaps, a high-class one. There are, no doubt, others that are new to the stud, but I need only mention Franklin, which used to carry the colours of the late Lord Carnarvon and won for him the Coronation Cup at Epsom among other races. He is to stand at the Highclere Stud at 24 sovs. It is far better to begin at a moderate fee and climb up if so justified, than ask a big fee at the outset and then have to climb down because of want of success right from the start. PHILIPPOS.

DOG TRAINING BY AMATEURS

XVI.—MAINLY ABOUT SPANIELS.



AS A NO-SLIP RETRIEVER.



DOWN WHILE HIS MASTER IS SHOOTING.

BY way of summarising the previous articles I propose to make a few comparisons between spaniels and retrievers, since by so doing I can emphasise the distinction between the two breeds and show how far the differences are inherent and to what extent they arise from the nature of work each is most likely to be called upon to perform. Better understanding can be reached by considering them together than separately.

We must first of all recognise that spaniels, taken on the whole, are, when properly trained, about the most steady and tractable of our gun dogs. This is the antithesis of their reputation some quarter-century ago; but so great has been the improvement brought about by better training that well back into pre-war days it was the exception at trials for a spaniel to display the least sign of unsteadiness, this notwithstanding the fact that of all gun dogs none has to work under more trying and tempting conditions.

Why is it that a spaniel becomes more reliable on wounded game and so much quicker than a retriever? Many reasons have been advanced, the most generally favoured being that their nose is so much nearer the ground it better picks up the scents which have to be diagnosed. Others say outright that he has the better nose. While recognising the strong backing which supports these opinions, I prefer an alternative theory which places both breeds on a par in the matter of inherent ability, and attributes whatever superiority exists to the wider experience gained by the " Jack of all trades " in the shooting dog community. From the moment cartridges are put into the gun the spaniel is sent out on quest, and so he is kept at work until they are withdrawn, except, of course, during the walking-up of partridges or when game is being driven. The spaniel may well enjoy a hundred chances to educate his nose against one for the retriever. His power to pick up and track a wounded scent is thus the product of continuously repeated experience. As a consequence, long before his first season is over, the spaniel becomes as reliable as most retrievers at the end of their second. At field trials they find a greater percentage of wounded game and less often lose a running pheasant. They benefit as a rule from being put earlier on to the scent; but the retriever is often conceded the same advantage, and yet in equal chances the odds favour the spaniel, mainly because he is the less likely to be put off his line by ground game.

Those that are taught to point unwounded game hidden in covert gain a further advantage; and it is for this reason that I should like to see wider appreciation of the utility of so valuable an accomplishment. The objection urged against so training a spaniel is that when sent out to retrieve he would be useless if he pointed the game instead of bringing it back; but this contention fails to take account of the fact that a dog can discriminate, and would be in no doubt as to his duty in such a case. Bentham Jock, which gained many honours at trials years ago, was time and again proved to be a good retriever, and since I trained and handled him myself I can certify that he was a perfect pointer on unwounded game. There are many close observers of the work done at trials who can call to mind instances where this splendid worker followed unerringly through thickets full of " good rabbits " without being put off. The very fact of having to point unshot game when engaged in hunting serves as a reminder that the two odours are entirely distinct.

Some of the most convinced objectors to the spaniel adding a third to his other two accomplishments have done a good deal of shooting over pointers and setters, and they hardly seem consistent in forbidding the traditional means of making known the presence of lurking game. My contention is that this breed is far too intelligent to point wounded fur or feather, neither do they point it in thick covert because they have been taught to push it out. A well broken spaniel will push a rabbit for all he is worth through dense thicket and pull up dead the moment it breaks across the open. In rough hilly country, which is usually the reverse of well stocked, the shooter seldom attempts to keep within reach of the dog, hence, if the animal rushed every point, many a chance would be lost that staunch pointing would save for the gun. The economy of exertion is considerable and the extra extent of ground covered material. Even on ground which is level and fairly open pointing offers the advantage that wider ranging limits can be sanctioned. Not only can this accomplishment be taught in a couple of lessons, but it can be supplemented by pushing out at the word of command and then promptly dropping. In case the pupil shows a persistent tendency to " hold," a simple remedy is available, viz., to muzzle



HIS FUNCTION LIMITED TO OBSERVATION.

him with a bit of string in the same way as when dealing with a ferret, the string being left sufficiently slack to prevent it becoming irksome. The inability to seize soon convinces him where his task should end. Fortunately, there are some judges who share the views here expressed and distribute their awards accordingly.

There is a widely held idea that allowing a dog to retrieve fur spoils him for birds, but with this I cannot agree, and, therefore, make a practice of allowing all my puppies to carry fur. The mistaken view has arisen from the dire consequences of putting a dog on to a wounded hare or rabbit while it is still in sight, the adage, "Months to make, moments to spoil," finding many sad examples as a consequence. Sending out to retrieve fur is not the mistake; error consists in doing it the wrong way. A panicky dispatch can only result in the animal anticipating instructions on the next occasion. Valuable time should certainly not be lost, the proper method being for the handler to proceed at once to the spot and put the dog on the line, leaving him thereafter to work it out for himself. There is all the difference between introducing him to the scent and allowing him to rush out under the guidance of his eyes. When the trainer puts the dog on the line he ensures putting him on to the scent which has to be followed and can check him should he happen to be led astray. What has been said about rabbits applies equally to winged game. Never send a dog out while it is still in sight, for although their eagerness may tempt one to haste, evil follows in so far that a dog is seldom so persevering in quest as when relying upon nose alone. His eye should be used for marking the fall, but not to aid pursuit. Reverting to the question of retrieving fur, we can lay down that a dog which has been forbidden the practice is more liable to those sudden breakdowns under the stress of temptation which are rightly penalised by judges. Monastic principles of education are not suited to dogs, however effective they may be in the case of mankind.

Another great mistake, which should always be avoided, is allowing a dog to pick up any considerable quantity of game in the open. This breeds slovenly habits and rather inclines an animal to mouth his game. Common-sense suggests gathering by hand, whatever lies distributed around, and limiting the retrieves to the proportion that has fallen far out or is suspected of having got away. Even when walking-up game, by no means the whole of what is down should be left to the dog, otherwise he will run in sooner or later. The owner of a good worker must of necessity exercise the gift of "command" and the animal will quickly respond, but man's dominance must be evinced by deciding what the dog shall fetch and what leave alone and by vigilant insistence on a disciplined demeanour.

In order to extract the best results out of the training imparted to a spaniel, a material part of his first season should be restricted to retrieving pure and simple. When limited to that work he will be kept strictly to heel, so becoming a mere spectator of the sport which his master will indulge without his assistance. The accompanying illustrations display the sort of promenade which may be taken in such circumstances, and it differs in no wise from the first introduction to game of Ben the retriever. At shooting parties, whether walking up or driving the game, exactly the same disciplined following at heel will be adhered to, the items selected for retrieve being always carefully chosen so as to demand genuine search by power of nose. Also included is a study of a spaniel being turned when its range has become too wide; this was accidentally omitted from a previous contribution.

What has been said above concerning the valuable qualities of nose which are implanted by hunting for game, brings up the question whether retrievers proper are justifiably forbidden all access to this advantage. And the answer must be that there is no reason whatsoever why the retriever of genuine hunting instinct—and you cannot make a good retriever from the other sort—should not be allowed to hunt for his master. As in the case of the spaniel, everything depends on the ingraining beforehand of steadiness and obedience. When these habits have become second nature the retriever may be sent out to seek game in likely pieces of holding covert, and according to how he conducts himself the experience may be extended or diversified. Just as the retriever which has never been allowed to gather fur is liable to outbreaks of unsteadiness, so the animal which has never hunted for game under the eye of his master has less reason to remember that when a rabbit breaks across his path his share in the proceedings is, for the time being, a passive one. R. SHARPE.



TURNED WHEN RANGING TOO WIDE.



BRITISH DRAMA LEAGUE COMPETITION

For ARCHITECTURAL DESIGNS for a NATIONAL THEATRE

FIRST PRIZE - - - -	£250
SECOND PRIZE - - - -	£100
FOR THE BEST MODEL SENT IN WITH A DESIGN - - - -	£25
FOR THE BEST PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE LARGER AUDITORIUM - - -	£25

I.—Aims of the Competition.

At the instance of the British Drama League the proprietors of COUNTRY LIFE have the pleasure to announce a competition for designs for a National Theatre. There has lately been a rebirth of national interest in the arts of architecture and the drama both, with a renewed sense of their importance as social services. This interest in the drama will undoubtedly culminate in an irresistible demand for the establishment of a National Theatre, when architecture must be called upon to render signal help to her sister art. The occasion, it may be said, is hardly yet in sight; but the opportunity offered by next year's British Empire Exhibition is, it is felt, not to be missed. The Drama League is organising a theatre section in the Palace of Arts, and this competition may both serve to show that British architects are no less capable than others of solving the difficult but fascinating problem laid down, and bring the projected theatre itself a step nearer realisation by impressing upon the public at large the rightness of such a monument to the greatest English poet in the Empire's greatest city.

In order to bring this home even to casual observers, the proprietors of COUNTRY LIFE will bear the cost of building a complete large-scale model of the first prize design, to be shown at the Exhibition.

II.—Jury of Award.

The following have kindly undertaken to act as a Jury of Award:

Mr. J. Alfred Gotch, President R.I.B.A.
Sir Edwin Lutyens, R.A., F.R.I.B.A.
Sir Lawrence Weaver, K.B.E., F.S.A.
Professor C. H. Reilly, F.R.I.B.A.
Professor Hubert Worthington, A.R.I.B.A.
Mr. Harley Granville-Barker.
Mr. Albert Rutherston.
Mr. Geoffrey Whitworth, *Hon. Secretary*.

III.—Prizes.

The following prizes will be given by the British Drama League:

First prize	£250
Second prize	£100
For the best model sent in with a design..	£25
For the best perspective view of the interior of the larger auditorium..	£25

Designs are invited from architects, or architects associated with decorative designers, of either sex, who must be British born or of British parentage. The work of such architects resident in the British Dominions will be especially welcomed.

IV.—Site and Cost.

For the sake of a practical approach to the problem, and so that the theatre designed may be such as could be built on a typical London site, Park Square, Marylebone Road, on the south side of Regent's Park, and at the head of Portland Place, has been selected for this purpose. It must be understood, however, that this choice *is for the purposes of the competition only*, and does not imply that the Drama League or anyone concerned intends to advocate it as a site for the National Theatre whenever the time for the actual building may come.

Crescent Gardens may be replanned in relation to the building, and with reference to a possible statue of Shakespeare. Competitors should assume that there is a uniform rise of 5ft. from the head of Portland Place to the north border of Park Square and that the site is level east to west.

Competitors are not limited as to a projected cost, but the Jury of Award will not regard favourably designs which would involve excessive expenditure. The object of the competition is to evoke (A) plans that will fulfil the *practical conditions* laid down in the next clause, (B) elevations that are dignified and in the line of British tradition, and (C) the broad outlines of a scheme of interior decoration that shall be both fitting and beautiful. Competitors are also expected to provide adequate opportunity for the work of decorative painters and sculptors.

V.—General Conditions.

1.—The site is shown on the opposite page by a plan to scale, and the existing buildings now adjacent to it should be assumed to remain in relation to the theatre if it were built. All L.C.C. theatre regulations are to be complied with, or, where these do not apply to the requirements of this particular theatre, the difficulties must be met in such a way that no reasonable objection could be raised.

2.—The theatre must contain two auditoria, the larger with a seating capacity of 1,800–2,000, the smaller 800–1,000; comfort, vision and hearing being, of course, essentials.

3.—The larger auditorium is to be equipped as follows:

(A) Proscenium opening 40ft. If contractible to 34ft., so much the better.
(B) Stage area 100ft. wide by 75ft. deep.
(C) A flat stage.
(D) Mechanism for adding an "apron" stage, 10–12ft. deep accessible from two extra-proscenium openings, not less than 10ft. by 5ft. This stage should be capable of use both on a level with the main stage and a foot or more below it.
(E) A part of the floor of the auditorium, not less than 30ft. in diameter, to be made capable of use as the "orchestra" of a Greek theatre.

(N.B.—"Lines of sight" and entrances for the audience, as for the actors, are an essential part of the problem indicated in (C), (D) and (E).)

4.—The smaller auditorium to be equipped as follows:

(A) Proscenium opening 26–30ft.
(B) Stage area at least 60ft. wide by 40ft. deep.
(C) A flat stage.
(D) Mechanism for apron stage and extra-proscenium openings.

5.—The orchestra—commonly so called—may, but need not be, placed in the usual position in front of the stages. When the apron stage is in use, this, however, becomes impossible; the architect should, therefore, make some other—or further—provision, bearing in mind the sometimes necessary relation of a conductor of music to the stage and its action.

6.—(A) Cellar room beneath the stages is important, and should extend at least the full width of the stage. Enough depth should be provided to allow a built-up set to be dropped quickly and then moved to right or left.

(B) The "Grid" should be three times the height above the stage of the *practicable* proscenium.

7.—Scene docks, easily accessible from the stages, are to accommodate (roughly) ten productions for each stage. Special attention is directed to the L.C.C. regulations in regard to the storage of scenery.

8.—Five rehearsal rooms are to be provided; each built on two levels, the upper to represent a "working" stage, the lower containing accommodation for watchers, at a sufficient

distance for focussing the action of a play. Three rehearsal rooms are to pertain to the larger auditorium, and for these a "working" stage would be 50ft. by 50ft. Two are to be provided for the smaller; each 30ft. by 30ft.

9.—A wardrobe to accommodate 3,000 costumes.

10.—Dressing-rooms for 500 performers (400 for larger auditorium, 100 for smaller) and suitable bathroom accommodation.

11.—A library (accessible from back and front of theatre), capable of accommodating 100 readers. (If it could be used as a lecture room to accommodate an audience of 200–250, so much the better.)

12.—A board-room (probably best placed at the front of the theatre).

13.—Director's, producer's and other offices (not less than twenty), accessible from front and back of the theatre.

14.—A "foyer." This could be common to both auditoria. But—

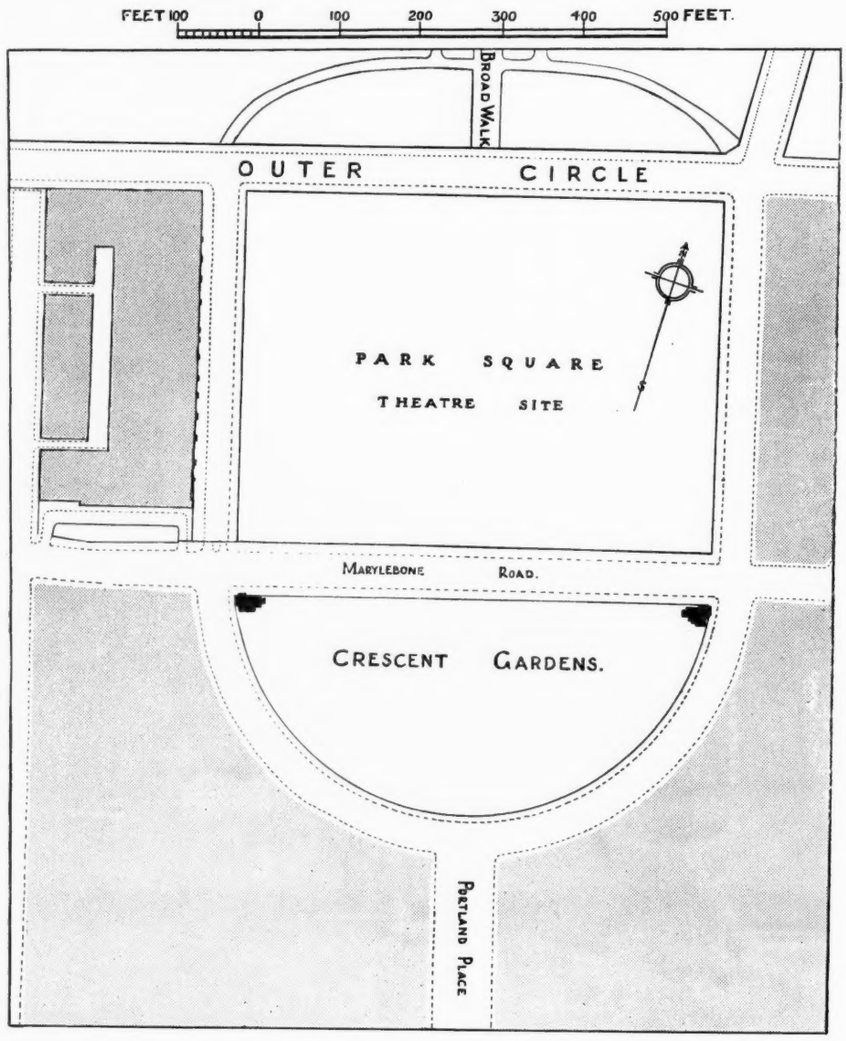
15.—To render all essential parts of the theatre sound-proof is a great part of the whole problem. Performances must be assumed to take place simultaneously in the two auditoria. The foyer may be occupied during an interval by one audience while the other is listening to a "quiet scene" in the other auditorium, and noisy rehearsals may be proceeding in the rehearsal rooms at any time.

16.—It is manifestly desirable that any theatre which might be erected on the scale proposed should be equipped with the necessary workshops wherein all the needs of theatre production, both mechanical and artistic, could be satisfied. It is possible that the site chosen may not be regarded by competitors as large enough to allow such workshops to be incorporated in the main building, even if the L.C.C. regulations permitted. Competitors are, therefore, allowed to use their discretion as to the inclusion of workshops in their scheme. If not included it will be assumed that they will be accommodated on some neighbouring site. If included, however, the scene-shop itself must be large enough to allow for the preparation of any scenes for production in the theatre. The carpenter's shop must also be big enough to allow for the building of complete scenes and such carpentry as the stage may require. The same would apply to storerooms and the electricians' shop. There would also need to be at least two designers' studios and a model maker's room.

17.—The taking up and setting down of cabs and cars is an important matter. This problem ranges from auditorium to entrance hall and beyond.

18.—Ordinary features of a theatre, such as refreshment bars, lavatories, ticket office, etc., are to be provided at the discretion of the competitors.

(NOTE.—Special thought needs to be given to the problems raised by Conditions 2 to 4 and 14, 15, 17, and the Jury of Award will give particular attention to their solution.



VI.—CONDITIONS AS TO DRAWINGS, SENDING IN, ETC.

1.—Drawings are to be to the scale of 16ft. to 1in. They are preferred in ink (but pencil will not disqualify), and with such colour as competitors may think desirable. All lettering to be in plain block characters (for clear reproduction).

2.—The drawings must be arranged as compactly as possible on sheets of drawing paper (not tracings) 40ins. by 26ins. ("double elephant" size), and must include such plans, elevations and sections as are necessary to elucidate the scheme, and with such details or perspective sketches as competitors may wish to add. Drawings are not to be mounted on stretchers.

Accompanying the drawings should be a memorandum descriptive of the scheme, etc., not exceeding three foolscap pages typewritten.

A model of the complete scheme or of any part of it, or a perspective of the interior of the larger auditorium, will be welcomed, but designs accompanied by neither will receive equal consideration. Models need not be elaborately or solidly constructed.

3.—Drawings and models are not to be distinguished by any motto or device or to bear competitor's name and address, but are to have securely attached to them a sealed envelope containing these, which will not be opened until the awards have been made. All drawings, etc., will be numbered in order of their receipt.

4.—All drawings and models are to be addressed to the Editor, COUNTRY LIFE, 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2, and to reach him not later than Saturday, April 26th, 1924, at 12 noon.

5.—The Proprietors of COUNTRY LIFE and the British Drama League reserve the right to publish any of the designs sent in and photographs or drawings of any of the models. They will exercise great care of all drawings and models submitted, but cannot accept any responsibility for loss or damage to any drawing or model from whatsoever cause arising. The British Drama League stipulates that it shall be furnished with prints of the winning designs.

6.—The decisions of the Jury of Award will be final and binding and without appeal. The right is reserved to withhold all or any of the prizes offered should the designs submitted be deemed of insufficient merit.

VII.—QUESTIONS ON THE CONDITIONS.

Competitors' questions should be addressed on or before January 5th, 1924, to the Editor of COUNTRY LIFE, envelopes being marked "Theatre Competition." Replies to all questions received will be circulated as soon as possible thereafter to all competitors who have notified to the Editor their intention to compete.

VIII.—EXHIBITION OF DESIGNS AND MODELS.

The Management of the British Empire Exhibition has agreed to exhibit in the Palace of Arts at Wembley, not only the large model of the First Prize Design which COUNTRY LIFE has undertaken to have made, but also all the prize designs and such other models and drawings as may be selected for that purpose by the Jury of Award.

IX.—PUBLICATION OF AWARDS.

It is hoped that the awards of the Jury, with a selection of the winning designs, will be ready for publication in the issue of COUNTRY LIFE dated May 31st, 1924.

SHOOTING NOTES

By Max Baker.

CARTRIDGES PARTING AT THE HEAD.

"SUFFOLK" writes: "I have met this season with several instances of 12-bore cartridges breaking off at the base of the cardboard. The brass end ejects and the cardboard remains in the chamber. This is to me a new experience after some fifty years of shooting, and, I think, might have a dangerous sequel should the cardboard case be pushed down the barrel by the succeeding cartridge. My reason in writing to you is to find out if this experience is widespread and due to general post-war manufacture being inferior, or has only occurred in a few instances. Several of my friends in this county have had the same thing happen. I should be glad to know if it is a mild, passing and local epidemic."——Though the happening above referred to has always been with us, I incline to think it is on the increase, but in such a connection votes alone could decide the issue. That it is likely to be more generally experienced than formerly arises automatically from the fact that, in consequence of the high price of cartridges, a much larger proportion of sportsmen than formerly patronise the cheapest brands, these of necessity containing less metal reinforcement than the costlier kinds. Guns also are dearer, hence many old ones continue in use which ought to have been replaced before now. To understand the position clearly one must visualise what happens when a cartridge is fired. The pressure set up inside the paper tube locks it tightly against the walls of the chamber, the same force driving the base hard against the breech face. This puts a longitudinal stretch on the cartridge as a whole, the tension being amplified if the rim recess is excessively deep, the back end of the chamber wide to gauge and the action inclined to gape at the joint.

SOME OF THE TECHNICAL PROBLEMS INVOLVED.

Technical conditions of cartridge manufacture also tend to increase the prevalence of this defect in functioning. There is always a difficulty in procuring cartridge tube paper of the required resiliency and tenacity. More important is that the publicly announced economies of manufacturing method have involved the suppression, as far as possible, of the interior iron lining, the presence of which is denoted by the description "gastight." The automatic assembling machines now so extensively used can deal with every component except this particular one, hence its presence is confined to certain of the more costly brands. Many excellent pre-war cases had no lining, but they were generously furnished with outside brass, the shallow 5-16in. depth being, presumably, the most conspicuous offender to-day. My own opinion is that if the manufacturers tackled the problem on radical lines they would not be long in finding a solution. The most promising field of enquiry would, presumably, lie in the direction of increasing the solid plug of paper which fills the base of the cartridge, in all probability by giving it the form of a hollow cone on the lines of Eley's "rabbit" cartridge of years ago. Constructional changes apart—the initiative for which lies with the manufacturer — there appears to be no remedy for an annoying and possibly dangerous defect than to pay the extra cost of more solidly reinforced ammunition.

INDIAN BIG-GAME SHOOTING.

I have gained great pleasure and entertainment from reading "Days and Nights with Indian Big Game" (published by Macmillan and Co., 12s. 6d. net). The principal author is Major-General A. E. Wardrop, but other chapters of slaughter are contributed by Mr. C. W. G. Morris. Both show by their references that their Bible is Sir Samuel Baker's "Wild Beasts and Their Ways," but in some curious manner they fail, while being very good sportsmen, to invest their subject with open-air charm. The text is throughout of the scribbled diary order, a hurried narration of events, a marked avoidance of all brag and a matter-of-factness which leaves the reader a trifle breathless. The conspicuous fault is the immense number of "I's" interlarding the text. In a personal narrative no word is, perhaps, more difficult to avoid, and yet at the finish it is the beasts and their ways in which we are most interested, the leisured pictures of scenery—suggested rather than expressed—and, perhaps, a little more curtain over some of the details which do not make nice reading. In my own editorial work I have often had an author's manuscript before me of transcendent merit but suffering in a like manner, and have copied it line by line, giving myself a mark every time that personality has been suppressed in favour of objective treatment. We literary hacks do not cost a lot of money, and our invisible services should more frequently be enlisted by publishers. Well I remember in early days converting the sentence "It doubled him up fine" into more pleasing phraseology, all the later publications of the very celebrated practical authority in question exhibiting literary qualities of which his craftsmanship was innocent.

PARTRIDGES FROM CZECHO-SLOVAKIA.

A pamphlet entitled as above is being circulated by Mr. J. Carlton Hunting of Pankridge Farm, Prestwood, Great Missenden. It is addressed to those who aim at increasing the stock of partridges on their land and at the same time infusing fresh blood from a vigorous type of stock. Hungarian partridges we well knew in the past, but for the future must master the pronunciation of a word where the "z" is rendered as an "h." Catching usually starts towards the latter end of November, deliveries being in full swing during December and January. Disappointment has often followed the attempt to make use of these supplies, the failure being, as a rule, the result of turning the birds loose to fend for themselves in a strange country and before they have been given a chance to recover from the disturbances of a trying journey. This pamphlet explains how the emigrants should be treated on arrival and the best way of splicing them into the existing native stock of birds. The incidental hints are most valuable; consequently, all who are interested in the welfare of partridges in general would do well to procure a copy. By way of addendum are some notes on the French system of partridge rearing which are evidently the fruit of personal observation.

UNIFORM FOR BEATERS.

Very seldom, nowadays, does one see a team of beaters comprehensively garbed for their work, hence interest may be found in the accompanying illustration of the men on Lord Leconfield's Petworth estate. Their smocks are of a very serviceable thorn-proof material; but, in addition, they have top boots with a rubber continuation suspended from the trouser buttons. At the other extremity are bowler hats which impart a distinguished air to all alike. Smocks of course have the recommendation of greater visibility to the guns.



BEATERS ARTISTICALLY AND USEFULLY CLAD.

IRON SHOT PELLETS.

Two correspondents have forwarded suggestions concerning the origin of iron shot pellets as described in the issue for the 1st inst. Mr. A. Smith, who evidently writes as a student of foundry work, explains that cavities are liable to arise when the proper venting of the air contained in the mould is for any reason checked, and that these cavities when opened up during the machining processes are often found to contain pellets of the kind illustrated. The explanation shows that iron in certain circumstances possesses the faculty of forming into globules, but one can hardly imagine that material quantities would be obtained by so slow a method. Perhaps in the foundry itself a proportion of the spillings take globular form. Another correspondent says: "I came across a lot of mixed size iron pellets in 12-bore cartridges sold by dealers in Egypt during war time—German-made cases and loads. When Damascus was captured a lot more were found there. The wads were marked 6 or 5, but the contents proved to be mixed run pellets from about No. 1 to No. 6. I cut some open to find why barrels of guns had such curious scratches inside. Costing £2 10s. per 100, they were doubly dear." A letter from Mr. Frohawk on the same subject appears in this issue.

THE ESTATE MARKET

BETTER PROSPECTS FOR PROPERTY

THE sale in a single week of such houses as Quenby Hall, Hemsted, Combe Abbey and Liscombe Park, and the recent sale of Hallingbury Park, must have suggested to many minds the thought that land is a more hopeful proposition than is sometimes assumed. Estates, even the largest, and mansions of the first importance, historically and architecturally, are not merely put into the market, but are finding buyers. Perusal of the Estate Market article in these columns from week to week will demonstrate that there is a demand, not alone for the small properties, and the old or new houses with from 20 acres to 120 acres, but for those of large acreage, and that they are not all sold to be broken up. The operation of buying land and dividing it for re-sale is often surprisingly profitable. The figures seldom transpire, and never for publication; but there have been instances of late where properties have been purchased as a whole and re-sold in lots to such advantage that the buyers had an agreeable option either of retaining free of charge a considerable area, or of taking a large profit in cash by completing the sale of the entire property. Of course, there is another side to the picture.

For a great many purposes a property in the country is infinitely preferable to one in, or on the outskirts of, a town, and some of the buying has been done with a view to the acquisition of substantial and spacious accommodation, available in a mansion at a tithe of the cost of building a house. Many have been the cases of conversion of mansions into schools, of which Stowe is the most familiar example, others of note being Canford Manor, Normanhurst, Edenhall and, quite newly opened as a garden school, The Grove, Watford. For sanatoria, Craig-y-Nos and other houses have been bought, and there are buyers awaiting the opportunity of doing likewise. Certain London institutions are known to be waiting only to realise their existing premises to advantage to move into the country, and though some of them—the Foundling Hospital is, we believe, a case in point—would probably require a special building, others can adapt existing mansions to their requirements.

Recent examples could easily be cited of an almost unintentional venture into gardening and the keeping of cows and poultry that have led to farming on a scale never previously contemplated. Business or professional men, whose aim had been in the first instance simply to have a country house, have tried the experiment of keeping a few cows or a few pullets for their domestic needs. The results convinced them of the possibilities of profit, and they have not been slow to perceive that the larger the scale on which such production can be carried on, the less the risk of loss and the greater the prospect of a good return. If some of the holders of such properties could be induced to disclose their balance sheets it would be the strongest inducement to others to try similar experiments. It may be urged that theirs is pleasure farming, with the resources of an income independent of the land at its back; but that is not true of the majority of cases. Where there were other resources they have been entirely eliminated from the calculations of the owners.

If any class of men can make farming pay it will surely be those who have imbibed instruction at the great centres of training in estate management, now so efficiently conducted at our Universities and elsewhere. The "Country Note" on this subject a week ago gave an insight into this new factor. The students are entering hopefully into competition for farms, and it is their advent in increasing numbers that explains a good many of the sales of agricultural land in all parts of the country. In so far as they make a success of their vocation, the trend of values of land will be upwards, and a time may come in the immediate future when men will regret that they did not foresee the drift of things and buy when the raw material, our broad acres, was purchasable at prices such as those now ruling.

"GREAT HOUSES" AND SMALL ACREAGE.

MANY have yet to discover the pleasure that awaits them in the possession of some fine old historical house used purely as a residence. They will find, also, that erroneous ideas are prevalent regarding the cost of upkeep of such houses. Houses of character, not necessarily the largest, await tenants or buyers, and the problems that proved insurmountable by the original owners will not arise for them, inasmuch as sales in the last two or three years have generally left only a moderate acreage of gardens and parkland and, it may be hoped, the home farm, for them to take over with the "great house." No worries of landowning in the ordinary sense should trouble them, and their accounts should bear a very different aspect from those which have from time to time been commented on in these columns, where old and inadequate rents from farms and heavy outlay on upkeep have made a poor showing after the local and Imperial tax collectors have had their due.

The prices of the larger estates are usually very tempting, and those who can command the requisite capital invariably find it more advantageous to them to buy a property in its entirety, if they wish for the permanent ownership of part only, and to dispose of the portions they do not need at their own time and in their own way. In buying landed estates, as in everything else, the large buyer reaps advantages which are denied to the small one. The latter has to pay for the privilege of picking and choosing, and he has to reckon with far more competitors than if he can, as it were, buy in bulk. This is so, whether we take a rural landed domain or one of the large estates on the confines of London and the great towns. In the case of the latter the buyer, contemplating development, must lay out roads, direct public attention to his venture, and otherwise incur innumerable expenses; but, when all allowance has been made for these things, it will often be found that a large profit is obtainable. Notable instances are seen to the north of London, and in Surrey, now in full fruition. The reselling of the extensive residential, agricultural and sporting estate is broadly divisible under two or three heads, supposing that, as frequently happens, the retention of the mansion and a moderate acreage is aimed at, namely, the farms, the secondary houses—so often equalling or even surpassing in old-fashioned charm the mansion itself and in ever-increasing demand—and, possibly, the sale of outlying land for houses on the outskirts of populous centres. A lock-up of capital is involved, but, with expert advice and not too great a demand on his patience, the purchaser, for use of part and resale of the rest of a large estate, can do very well for himself.

The list of mansions acquired under the hammer and in private negotiation this year for the purchaser's own occupation is a long and imposing one. It includes Stowell Park, on the Cotswolds, and well known houses in Hertfordshire, Surrey, Hampshire and other counties. Space to mention a few of them may be available later, and they have been noted from week to week in these columns. Of course, if the smaller country houses alone were considered the list would be of unwieldy length, and it would include, in the present week, the buying of Cowbridge, Malmesbury, in the centre of the Duke of Beaufort's Hunt, by Captain Philip Hunloke, and equally interesting transactions almost weekly throughout the year.

The realisation of a landed estate is not like the selling of goods in a shop. It involves time and thought, even anxiety, on the part both of vendor and purchaser, and, naturally, it happens very frequently that properties are placed under the hammer and withdrawn. This part of the process is generally more in the public eye than the subsequent sale, yet none can study the records in the Estate Market pages of COUNTRY LIFE without perceiving that, sooner or later, a sale is effected, and it is the private subsequent transactions that so largely contribute to the imposing aggregates which it is the practice of many of the leading firms to announce at the end of the year. In volume of purchase money, in area, and in historical and architectural importance, the properties dealt with this year are not inferior to those in any of the post-war years, and the outlook is, on the whole, encouraging for all interested in real estate.

We have sometimes pointed out that the great waves of selling land have been preceded by realisations on behalf of charitable and educational corporations, and it may be remembered that, in the report of the Royal Commission on the Oxford and Cambridge Colleges, regret was expressed that fuller advantage was not taken of the post-war "boom" to convert land into cash. That was at a period when the income from easily convertible securities was at a much higher level than it is to-day or is likely to be again for a long while. If the example of these corporations in selling has been so readily followed, it is not unreasonable to expect that due notice will be taken of the fact that some of them are again figuring as buyers of land. They have to take a long view, for they are perpetual; but the considerations that influence their advisers may appeal to individuals, and the buying of real estate by such bodies as the Oxford and Cambridge colleges may again direct atteniton to the remunerative side of ownership.

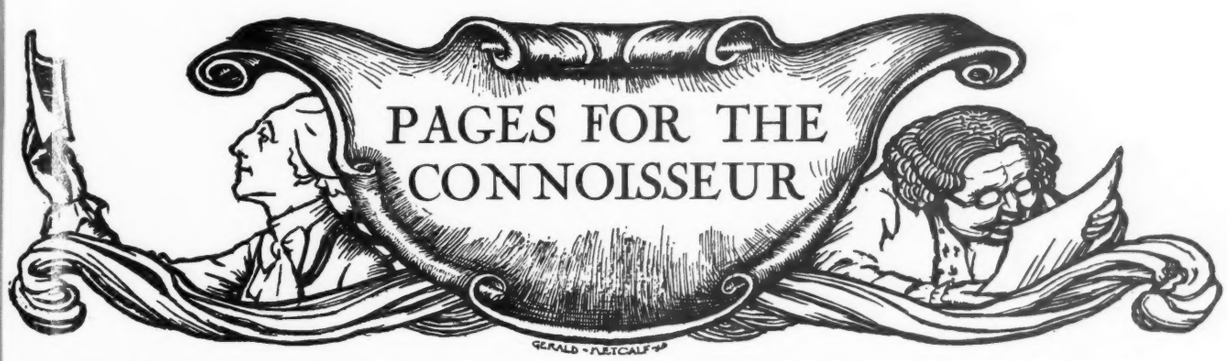
In what we have said we have been treating mainly of the residential and agricultural side of the estate market; but if we permitted ourselves to explore the possibilities, as revealed in a number of transactions, of the purchase and development of land in or near the suburbs of London and some of the great centres, the figures would be a remarkable confirmation of the opinion, now more and more firmly held by some of the best judges, that the investor has an attractive opening in land at its prevailing prices. Without taking into account cases where "tube" railways or other facilities have conduced to a special increment, many examples might be cited of the ordered development of large estates on modern lines with satisfactory results and the brightest prospects of future advantage. The mansion may, as at Moor Park, form the ideal nucleus of the residential development of hundreds of acres.

Whatever section of the estate market we choose to examine, the records of the current year prove the results, on the whole, satisfactory and the outlook full of encouragement, especially for those who unite to moderate resources in capital some initiative and adaptability. To find pleasure and profit in the land, whether in the country, pure and simple, or on the confines of towns, calls for no more enterprise and no more courage than is required in an ordinary commercial venture, and may yield higher rewards.

ECONOMIC FACTORS.

AS Emerson saw "through the wild-piled snowdrift the warm rosebuds below," so we may discern beyond the present era of low prices for land a time when men will wonder that they had not the foresight to buy it and hold it, inasmuch as, yielding a good return to the holders, it may yield yet more to those who come after them.

Land is a fixed quantity, but the demand for its produce and for accommodation upon the soil is not fixed, but progressive, and the paramount importance of encouraging the production of home-grown food can never be ignored for any length of time, no matter what party may be in power. Whatever causes, such as unrestricted imports and the like, may obscure for a time the vital importance of home-grown products, the trend of world affairs will assuredly give at intervals very peremptory reminders that the people of these islands may sleep more easily in their beds if their food supply is, as far as it can be, drawn from the broad acres of Great Britain itself. The public memory is short and, notwithstanding all that transpired at the time, the lesson of 1917 has not been thoroughly learned by the masses. Sidelights are still being thrown upon the state of things in that year, and their plain meaning is that the home producer renders a truly national service and deserves an adequate reward. The widespread dissatisfaction felt by the farmer with his share of the prices paid for his commodities has been insistently put forward of late, and there can be no doubt that in due course, and possibly at no distant time, means may be devised to ensure that he does secure his share. That will be a contributing factor to a better demand for farms, for it will make easier the path of many who have even prospered under present conditions, and will enable the younger race of farmers—those young men from the Universities and agricultural colleges who are now putting into practice the instruction which has been given them—to look with more confidence to farming as a career. Therein will be another factor enhancing the demand for land and promising an increase in its value. ARBITER.



JAPANESE PRINTS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM

THE GENIUS OF UTAMARO.

UTAMARO is one of the few Oriental artists whose names are more or less familiar in the West. The name has the unusual advantage of being not only pronounceable but euphonious; the artist has been the subject of more than one book by a European writer. Utamaro is the predominant figure in the new winter exhibition of Japanese colour prints at the British Museum, and he is represented in a richer series of his works than has ever been shown in London before. The present exhibition takes up the work of the colour-print masters about 1790, where last year's exhibition left off, and continues it down to 1806, the year of Utamaro's death. It was a very brilliant period, even surpassing in certain respects the period immediately preceding. Over that period Kiyonaga, as was seen in last year's exhibition, ruled an almost absolute sovereign. But about 1790 he retired and became (so it is said) a tobacconist, like Stevenson's Prince Florizel. Strange and unaccountable are the ways of Japanese artists. Kiyonaga was then only thirty-nine, and he lived on to 1815. He was but two years older than Utamaro, who was as late in putting forth his full powers as Kiyonaga was early in retiring from the field. The exhibition in the museum is chronologically arranged, and we can trace Utamaro's development for the last sixteen years of his life—years of a quite marvellous productiveness; for though the museum possesses good examples of the artist in most of his phases and some of his most famous masterpieces, nevertheless the collection represents but a fraction of his prodigious output.



UTAMARO. GIRL PAINTING HER LIPS.

In 1790 he had not fully formed his personal style. The lovely triptych of girls on the seashore watching women dive for *awabi* (a kind of shellfish) has an outdoor freshness and extraordinary grace of figure-drawing; but the triptych of a similar subject, ten years later in date, which hangs on the opposite wall, shows to what far greater heights Utamaro was to rise in his full power. The "Cuckoo and Morning Moon," an excessively rare print, is unique in the delicacy of its drawing and colouring. Almost immediately in the opening of the 'nineties Utamaro stands forth a supreme master of the colour-print. Many sets of busts and half-length portraits of girls and women—in which the tea-house waitresses, O Kita and O Hisa, famous for their charm and beauty, appear repeatedly—reveal a subtlety and intensity of draughtmanship hardly known before. How perfect the drawing of the hand and arm on which the woman leans her cheek as she looks out "anxious in love"! Utamaro was always deeply interested in physiognomy, and was fond of drawing types of women—it was always woman that absorbed him—in whom different character is expressed. To us the types may look very much the same, but familiarity discloses the subtle differences. Wonderful as Utamaro's single figures are, it is in relating figures to each other that his genius excels. In finding beautiful and unexpected relations of this kind he surpasses all the other masters of the colour-print and rivals the greatest Europeans. Look at the gestures and attitudes of the women in the triptych "Measuring Stuffs for Dresses." How natural they are, yet what a surprise and thrill he communicates by the pose of a body, the movement of an arm! Or look, again, at the print of the mother suckling her child under a mosquito net; a homely scene, but set down with what a strangeness of beauty in how original a design! During the years 1791–94 Utamaro was doing some of his finest work, designing his figures on a yellow or sometimes a mica ground. But, of course, he was only one among many artists, and some of these were masters who competed with him on equal, or almost equal, terms. In the museum exhibition we find a series of telling colour designs—



PAGE WITH HAWK.

portraits of actors or of burly wrestlers—by Shunyei, a young man who never quite fulfilled the great promise of his early years; a number of elegant and distinguished prints of women by the aristocratic Yeishi; and some remarkable prints by Toyokuni, who was to rival Utamaro in popularity and to outlive him.

But at the very beginning of 1794 appears a greater than any of these—Sharaku. A dancer in the No plays, Sharaku had hitherto been unknown as an artist. Yet there is no trace of immaturity in his prints; it is a full-blown art, of prodigious power, which suddenly appears in the little world of the Yedo colour-print. The Museum is fortunate in possessing a magnificent series of the large heads of actors which are Sharaku's most typical work. They are now exceedingly rare and fetch very high prices, especially in America and in Japan. Sharaku produced a hundred odd prints in the two years 1794–95 and then disappeared as mysteriously as he came. It is recorded that his prints did not please the public. They are all portraits of actors. As there were no actresses, women's parts were played by men, and it had been the custom to give their portraits something of an ideal character. Sharaku's were obviously true to life; but they were something more than that, for they show us faces not as seen by an ordinary eye, but illuminated by a searching intensity of vision. The head of an actor in a feminine part, which we reproduce, is a masterpiece. Economy and expressiveness of line could go no farther. But the original should be seen, for the colour, rich and strange, adds to the effect.

Utamaro avoided the stage, so that he did not compete with Sharaku. Toyokuni, however, was commissioned to produce a series of actor prints during these same two years, 1794–95, and two or three of these can be seen in the Museum exhibition. We can thus compare a print of the actor Kikunojo as a woman by Sharaku with one by Toyokuni, and can understand why Toyokuni was the more popular of the two. Toyokuni also made prints of women, interiors, picnics, etc., and one of the most charming prints in the exhibition is by him; it is a triptych of girls and youths hanging poems on blossoming cherry trees on a windy day, a design of billowy rhythm delightful to look upon. The exhibition stops short of the time when this artist, once the stimulus of rivalry with Utamaro was removed, fell into utter degradation. But even at his best Toyokuni was incapable of the depths and subtleties of Utamaro. Five of Utamaro's exquisite series of "Twelve Hours" are shown in the Museum. In this and other sets of 1795–96 he draws out his figures to a fantastic height and attenuates them accordingly. Then comes a period when he seems to lose just a little of his power and invention; it is the period of the "large heads" of women with their glorious masses of black hair. But Utamaro's career is thick-sown with masterpieces, and about 1800 we come to the greatest of them all, the triptych of the "Awabi Divers," of which the Museum possesses, happily, one of the very few impressions known. We seem in a different world, in a more primitive atmosphere, as we look at these nudes, so grandly drawn against a background of sea waves. In the six years before his death Utamaro was to design numbers of wonderful and delightful prints, but he never soared quite so high as in this great triptych. Who can doubt that this designer of popular prints is among the great artists of the world?

LAURENCE BINYON.



SHARAKU. HEAD OF AN ACTOR IN A FEMININE PART.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES

IMPLEMENTS AT SMITHFIELD.

THE Smithfield Show is an event which ranks with the "Royal" in its interest for the agriculturist. So far as implements are concerned, it is, perhaps, true that that interest is only secondary, and that its importance in that respect is an appeal in the main to the manufacturers' agents, who turn up at the Show in order to make their business arrangements for the ensuing year. On that account its exhibits may be said to represent the manufacturers' ideas of the types and classes of machines which are going to be most in demand during the next twelve months, and they may be regarded, therefore, as being prophetic in their import, showing in what direction the farmer is going to direct his efforts. If we consider them in that light this year, we are merely confounded, for the most popular exhibit was the small portable petrol or paraffin engine, and as that has applications innumerable, from the driving of chaff-cutting and wood-cutting machines to providing power for pumping and electric lighting, its abundant presence affords no useful guide whatever. Second in importance was the rapidly extending equipment for pig-breeders, of which the dry-feeders are most in evidence. They, however, only indicate that this branch of the industry is not as yet losing its interest.

THE PORTABLE ENGINE.

A brief review of the exhibits must, at any rate, commence with the portable engines. They were in evidence on almost every stand, excepting those of firms who specialise on the larger units, such as ploughing engines, steam tractors and portable steam engines. The most popular type was that which is generally referred to as the "hopper." Its chief claim to favour lies in the fact that, as its cooling water is carried in the hopper-like casting which surrounds the cylinder, it is more convenient than those which require a comparatively large iron tank for the water. There is practically no disadvantage, either, in the meagreness of the water capacity of the "hopper," for engines of this type are rarely run for prolonged periods, especially when they are being used on jobs in the field, where they are at a distance from any means of replenishment. An interesting development, however, which, if it persists, will even remove any small disability which does result from the restricted water capacity, is embodied in a unit of this type which was shown by Fairbanks Morse, Limited, to which a motor car type radiator, backed by a substantial fan, was fitted. This machine was displayed, in one exhibit, in conjunction with a small electric lighting set. Most interesting was the variety of new uses to which these engiaes are put, and the Show was worth a visit if only as affording suggestions for the more efficient employment of these little units. The prices of the engines, too, have been considerably reduced of late, as compared with those ruling a year ago, the drop amounting in many cases to as much as 25 per cent.

It is impracticable to mention all the exhibitors of these engines. Certain names, of course, spring to mind, such as that of Ruston and Hornsby, Limited.

Cold-starting engines, for similar purposes, as made by Ransomes, Sims and Jefferies, Limited, and Petters, Limited (of Yeovil), were also shown, and should not be overlooked by anyone who is thinking of buying a machine of this type.

DAIRY FARM EQUIPMENT.

Improvement in dairy utensils, as exemplified at the Show, was evident rather in the details of existing models than in new machines. The Dairy Supply Company is a firm which is well known in this connection, and their stand was, as usual, comprehensive in its interest for the dairy farmer. The Lister cream separator, also shown, has an outstanding reputation on account of its clean skimming capacity.

Perhaps the most interesting dairy exhibit was that on the stand of Barford and Perkins, who showed a simple sterilising outfit, consisting of a steam generator and a chest, the latter large enough to hold a complete outfit of milking vessels, the former designed to provide a supply of steam for the sterilising process. This, so far as my recollection goes, is an entirely new invention.

PIG FEEDERS.

The dry pig feeder is now one of the most important accessories of its kind. Ransomes, who showed one for the first time at the Royal Show this year, have improved upon that model in detail. The U.M.I. and others of the timber-built type have also undergone slight modification, chiefly along the lines of replacing or lining certain parts of the wooden structure with metal. Those who prefer a galvanised steel-built feeder cannot do better than Wilmots, who have a wide experience in the manufacture of goods of this kind, and who have a patented pig-feeder of considerable merit.

CULTOR.